THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 74. PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT No. 720 SANSOM ST. Philadelphia, Saturday, March 9, 1895. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 36

VANITY FAIR.

Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair,
What can we purchase in Vanity Fair?
Hearts, perhaps broken, but passing for new;
Vows, false when spoken, but warranted true;
Hues, rather faded, but fit still for wear;
Nothing is wasted in Vanity Fair.

Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair,
How goes the trading in Vanity Fair?
Worn, pale cheeks for red ones, and young hearts for old;
Fresh roses for dead ones; brass passing for gold.
Some lose all in the struggle, but none know or care;
There's no room for the failures in Vanity Fair.

Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair,
Pray you come join us in Vanity Fair.
Bring youth and bring gladness, high aims, bright desires,
Buy age, grief and sadness, cold ashes of fires;
Naught else will be left you, but why should you care,
You have danced with the gayest in Vanity Fair.

The Cedar's Mystery.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LUCKY ESCAPE!" "JIM HARVEY'S REVENGE," "JUST MY LUCK!" ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

ONE morning at breakfast-time Adeline received a letter in a delicate Italian handwriting on heliotrope-tinted and scented paper, with silver monogram "M. B."

"From Mabel Burton!" she exclaimed in a tone of delight, tearing the note open hastily. "One of my American friends, aunt Emily," she explained. "She is in London for a few days, and wants me to run up and see her before she starts for the Continent. You won't mind, will you, aunt Emily? I shall only be gone a few hours. She was a great friend of mine, and I should like to see her once again."

Dick did not dare to trust himself to look up; but Mrs. Greyson and Jo were full of kindly sympathy, thinking that it was natural that she should like to go and meet her friend. When was she going?

Oh—to-morrow morning, just after breakfast! The Reverend Alfred Burton, Mabel's uncle, would meet her at Euston, so that there would be no trouble or difficulty at all, and she would be back in the evening, perhaps not in time for tea, but certainly before dark.

"I'll have the ponies and drive you down to the station myself," said Jo. "But I wonder at her asking you to come only for the day; I should have thought she would have invited you for a week at least."

"Their movements are so uncertain at present," replied Adeline imperturbably. "She says that when they return from the Continent she hopes I shall pay her a long visit."

"It will be a pleasant change for you," remarked Mrs. Greyson. "Of course they are rich, like all Americans who come to England, and they will be able to make your visit to them enjoyable."

"Has she any brothers or sisters?" asked Dick suddenly.

"No sisters," returned Adeline, "but two brothers, who are on the Continent at present. She is staying with her aunt and uncle at Earl's Court now."

Then Dick rose and left the table.

"I can't stand any more of that," he muttered. "She has either carefully arranged her story in all its details, or she can like the truth on the spur of the moment. She must be an old hand at it."

The next moment Dick was not in at breakfast-time, and Martha informed them that he had said they were not to wait for him. He was going for a swim and might breakfast at the Hall.

Jo's ponies arrived punctually, and Adeline was whirled down to the station in the little pony-chaise.

"I'd meet you if you knew by what train you would return," said Jo. "But perhaps you will remain the night?"

"If I do, I'll wire; but I don't think it is at all likely. Good-bye, dear! Thank you so much for coming with me! Don't get out; I can get my own ticket; and the ponies seem rather fresh. I should drive on if I were you, as the train might startle them."

So Jo whipped up her ponies and drove away. Adeline, with a keen glance round, entered the station, took her ticket for Euston, and calmy crossed the rails to the up-line on the other side.

As the train came into the station, the head of a good-looking young fellow, with a long drooping dark moustache, was for an instant protruded from the window of a third-class carriage, but before the train was at a standstill it was drawn back.

Adeline, who was on the alert, expecting to see Dick, though why she should do so she was unable to say, saw the man, but took no further notice of him. She did not recognize him, and she knew that the train did not stop for at least ten miles before it reached Hazelwood Station.

Dick—for it was he—remained quietly in his carriage, apparently absorbed in the perusal of the "Nineteenth Century," and the train started, carrying the cousins, although in different carriages, towards Euston.

Dick had risen early, got Martha to give him some breakfast, and started off across the country to walk the thirteen miles to the station at which he wished to take the train. It would have been easier to go in the other direction, but then he could not be sure that he would have an opportunity of satisfying himself that Adeline was in the train. Feeling convinced that no such person as Mabel Burton existed, he was determined to see her uncle, the Reverend Alfred, and ascertain if he were the same man as he whom Adeline had met in the woods.

The moustache, which had done duty on various occasions for tableaux vivants and amateur theatricals, was affixed before he reached Hartly, and he had to trust it for disguise should Adeline happen to see him.

When the train arrived at Euston, Dick stepped out and, unobserved himself, saw Adeline greeted by a tall gentleman in clerical attire, whose only resemblance to the man he had seen in the woods was to be found in the large tinted spectacles that covered his eyes.

Adeline and her friend got into a hansom, and as it left the station Dick, who was walking on apparently unconcernedly, heard the cabman call out "Finsbury Park!' to the officer on duty. That the Reverend Alfred Burton did not live at Earl's Court was evident, but as he could do no more Dick returned home by the next train.

In the evening Adeline came back, a little subdued in manner. She declared that she was very tired, as Mr. Burton had met her and taken her in his carriage to Earl's Court, and they had been shopping and sight-seeing all day.

"Not that there was much to see," she explained, with a return of the old disparaging manner. "The Academy was closed, of course, but we went over some of the Bond Street galleries, lunched at Fortnum and Mason's, and then visited Westminster Abbey, of which my friends are very fond. They wanted me to stop the night, but I would not as I felt very tired."

Adeline languidly accepted the cup of tea that Jo brought her and consented to try to eat a few sandwiches. No one could have heard her and doubted that it was most distinctly as an act of condescension to Mrs. Greyson and Jo that the effort was made.

Dick drew a small table to her side and brought her an extra pillow, apologizing to himself for so doing. He would not have stirred a finger for his cousin's sake, but his sole desire was to save his mother and Jo from any unnecessary exertion.

As soon as Dick could escape from the room he did, and, leaving a note with Martha to be given to his mother when she was alone, he went out into the starlit night. The letter was very brief.

"Dearest Mother—If I stop in the house, I shall quarrel with A., so I am going to see Jerry, and spend the night at the Hall. Yours, "DICK."

Arrived at the Hall he was fortunate enough to find his friend at home and alone.

"I want to talk to you, if I may, Jerry," he said. "Can I stop the night?"

"Of course you can, dear boy! Come into the den, and we'll have a chat while Marten gets a room prepared for you."

The "den" had been Jerry's own especial sanctum in his boyhood, and was still a very favorite place of his. It was a small room adjoining what had been his mother's boudoir, and in it he had been permitted to do almost as he pleased.

Jerry installed Dick comfortably in a luxurious arm-chair, and, sitting down opposite to him, lighted a cigar and prepared to listen.

"Will you smoke?" he inquired, offering his cigar-case to Dick; but the latter refused.

"Not to night, thanks," he answered—"I am in no humor for it."

Both were silent for a few moments, Mr. Passy evidently waiting for the younger man to speak.

"Jerry," Dick said at last—"you think my cousin very pretty, don't you?"

"Very," was the laconic reply.

"Agreeable?"

"Yes, agreeable—certainly."

"You admire her very much?"

"Why, of course! Does that offend you?"

"Offend me—no! But don't be angry, Jerry. Are you in love with her?"

Mr. Passy looked at him in astonishment.

"In love with her, Dick? Certainly not! Why do you ask?" he continued, after a pause, as Dick remained sitting, leaning forward with his elbow on his knee and his head resting on his hand.

"Because if you had been, I should have had no more to say," replied Dick quietly.

"Are you in love with her yourself?" asked his friend, smiling.

"I? No! Jerry, I hardly know how to tell you what I have to say. What do you think of a fellow who deliberately listens to a conversation not meant for his ears, acting upon it, follows a woman to find out where she is going—to spy upon her actions, if you like to put it so?"

"Is it not waste of breath to ask me such a question? Our opinions must necessarily coincide."

"Yes—but I did so, Jerry."

Mr. Passy took the cigar from his lips and looked at Dick in silence for a moment.

"Rubbish!" he ejaculated at last with a smile, and went on smoking.

"It is true," Dick asseverated.

"Then, if so, you had jolly good reasons for it. Tell me all about it, Dick."

And then the whole story was told, beginning from the morning in the woods down to the receipt of the letter from the supposed Mabel Burton and the visit to London.

Gerald Passy listened incredulously.

"By Jove," he cried at last—"you were justified—more than justified! It is difficult to understand it of course, but some few things are evident. The man is a forger. One gathers that from the way she told him to make use of his talent and write to her as Mabel Burton—though that again might simply mean that he was a successful begging-letter writer. But she evidently has in her keeping property of some kind that this man had confided to her care, and it is equally evident that he had no right to do it, but had in some way become fraudulently possessed of it. He has some hold upon her, or she would not have gone to London at his bidding. Is he a young fellow, Dick?"

"I think not; but, though I am sure it was the same man each time, I am equally certain that, had I seen the person and the red beard separately away from Adeline, I should not have suspected them to be identical."

Jerry looked very grave as he replied—"I fear there can be no doubt that the whole affair is shady, and I am sorry your cousin should be mixed up in it."

"What bothers me is that my mother and Jo may get entangled in this business. You see, Adeline is so thoroughly untruthful. What can I do? If I say anything without further proof, she will deny it. There is absolutely nothing at present to corroborate my statement, except that Martha saw her go out when she pretended she was going to sleep."

"You can do nothing yet, Dick. You must watch, and, if the opportunity occurs, first save your cousin from this man and then from herself."

"In what way?" demanded Dick.

"Do you think you are a match for this man physically?"

"Yes—I think so. He is taller than I perhaps, but he is thinner and much older."

"Then I think, if I were in your place, I should, if I saw him again, confront him at once, tax him with his disguise and his attempt to levy blackmail, and tell him you intend to protect your cousin from his extortions; as to the next step, you must be guided by circumstances."

* * * * * *

The next morning Jerry walked over to the Cedars to tell some wonderful news to Mrs. Greyson, and Dick accompanied him.

A letter had been received that morning from the bank saying that the absconding manager had written to say that he would restore all bonds, securities, and other papers of value in his hands on payment of three thousand pounds, instead of the ten thousand he had originally demanded, if the sum were paid within one fortnight of the date of the letter. But, should the matter be further delayed, all the papers would be destroyed. An intimation was to appear within a week in the "agony" column of the Times that the terms were accepted, when instructions would be forwarded in another letter.

"Why did they write to you?" asked Mrs. Greyson.

"Because I am the heaviest loser," replied Passy. "I suppose my money is gone, so I shall wire to them to do the best they can for others."

"Will you get nothing back?"

"Nothing at all; but I sha'n't trouble myself about that. It is very wise advice not to cry over spilt milk. I hope the papers and securities will be recovered for the sake of others. The cash the scamp has secured of course he will stick to, mine among the rest. Let it go!"

Then, without allowing a moment for further discussion of the matter, Jerry changed the conversation, inquiring about the ponies and passing from one subject to another in his usual light-hearted fashion.

Adeline was very gentle and attractive, and Jo felt plain and dowdy and dull compared with her brilliant cousin, and for the first time a doubt entered her mind and brought pain with it.

Gerald was so attentive to Adeline, so much more so than to her. Was the old friendship to be set aside for the new acquaintance? Even if Jerry did like and ultimately married Adeline, surely he would be her old friend still?

No; she felt that such an eventuality would alter everything, and Jo could hardly restrain her tears. As soon as she could manage to do so, she stole out into the garden, unobserved as she supposed, and, going down to the little rustic summer-house in the corner of the orchard, which Jerry had helped her and Dick to build when they were much younger, sat down on the bench, and, laying her head upon her hands, tried to repress the tears and sobs that would come in spite of herself.

She tried to argue with herself that it was ridiculous—nay, worse, mean—to be jealous; but yet it was hard that Jerry should scarcely address a word to her, and talk and laugh all the time with Adeline. But, in the midst of her mingled sorrow and self-reproach, an arm was gently placed across her shoulders and a hand clasped one of hers.

"Years ago, when I found you in tears, I took you on my knee and kissed you till you told me what was the matter. If I did that now, you'd box my ears, Jo. It only concerned a broken doll, then, which was soon mended."

As he spoke the girl flung off his arm, and, springing to her feet, moved to the other side of the rustic table and stood facing him with flushed cheeks and heaving breast.

"I am afraid I have offended you," said Jerry.

"I am not a child now!" exclaimed Jo angrily.

"No—I realize that," he returned. "I forgot it when I saw you in tears. Please forgive me; and, if there is anything I can do to remedy matters, let me do it."

"Why did you come here at all?"

"I came to seek you because I have not had a chance of addressing a word to you this morning. You have been so silent that I feared I had offended you. Have I, Jo?"

"No—certainly not!"

"Has my seeking you here annoyed you?"

"One is always vexed to be found making a stupid of oneself," she replied.

"Then I am not to know your trouble?" he asked gently.

Jo's face flushed deeply and she shook her head.

"I couldn't tell you," she observed. "I was vexed about something which I would rather not speak of."

Jerry moved quietly round the table and took her hand in his.

"Only vexed—not really troubled, Jo?" he asked.

But the girl drew her hand away hastily.

"I don't see why I should answer questions that do not really concern you."

"I am sorry you say that," he replied gravely. "When I see an old friend in trouble, I think it concerns me deeply. Of course it is enough for me that you consider it no business of mine. I apologize for intruding upon you. If I can ever be of the slightest use to you, please remember the old friendship remains unaltered—on my side at least."

He bowed gravely and left her, and she stood twisting her fingers nervously, her eyes brimming over with tears.

CHAPTER V.

THE only thing at the Cedars which Adeline had ever disparaged by word or glance was the tennis-ground, and that she had condescended to pronounce simply perfect. The long stretch of perfectly level sward in the corner of the orchard, surrounded by comfortable garden-seats and pervaded by the sweet scents of the country in an English manner, was beyond reproach.

Mrs. Greyson did not play; she was too old, she said, laughing, to care for anything requiring so much exertion; croquet was much more in her line. Until Adeline's arrival Jo and Dick had played together; but now it was necessary to have a fourth, and it soon became apparent that, unless that addition was a man, the game lost much of its charm for Adeline.

So Jerry had got into the habit of coming over continually for a game, and Jo was not a little annoyed to find at breakfast-time on the morning after the scene in the summer house that Mr. Passy was expected.

"He said he would dine early to-day, come over to tea, and have a game in the cool of the evening," Adeline explained.

When Gerald arrived, he found the tea-table set under the cedar, and Dick, resplendent in a scarlet-and-white blazer, waiting upon the girls, who looked very charming in their tennis costumes.

To Jo's relief, Jerry entirely ignored the scene of the preceding day. His manner was, as usual, frank and friendly.

After tea they repaired to the orchard, Jo ostentatiously carrying her pink-and-blue wrap with her, although it must be confessed that when the game began she threw it over the back of one of the garden seats and entirely forgot it.

Adeline monopolized Gerald's attention the whole evening, and kept him fully employed in waiting upon her. Several times he tried to make an opportunity of speaking to Jo, but on each occasion Adeline required something to be done for her. At last, in despair, he gave up the effort and resigned himself to his fate.

Adeline played well and looked graceful, and most men would have gladly danced attendance on her during an afternoon, but Gerald was anxious about Jo.

Why had she been troubled the night before, and was she offended with him for his attempt at consolation? He would much have liked to exchange a few friendly words with her.

At last, when Mrs. Greyson's voice called to them from the house, telling them that the dew was falling and it was getting late, he hailed the interruption as a welcome one, although indoors he had no better fate.

Adelina both played and sang, but Jo excused herself on the plea of headache. All were tired, and after an early supper Mr. Passy left them, refusing Dick's offer to accompany him part of the way.

"Nonsense! You will only be keeping some one up to let you in, and they are all tired. Good night!"—and he left.

A beautiful night had succeeded an equally beautiful day. Gerald's shortest way home was through the orchard and down the path through the spinney to the river, where his canoe awaited him.

He had entered the orchard, when, pausing to light his cigar, he turned to look at the house, which gleamed white in the moonlight. The lights in the lower portion were out, but in the upper rooms they still burned. Gerald walked quietly over to a shady corner and sat down, smoking, still looking at the house and thinking.

His thoughts were pleasant ones. He conjured up a bright future, shared with the girl he loved, his ideal of pure and perfect womanhood. As he sat there, one by one the lights in the house were extinguished, and, his cigar being finished, he was on the point of taking his departure when his attention was attracted by a figure moving stealthily in the shadow of the trees.

His first idea was that burglars were about, and, believing himself to be invisible in the deep shade, he remained motionless to await the course of events.

Still keeping in the line of the trees, the figure approached, and at last was so close to him that Gerald was able to discern in the darkness, to which his eyes were becoming accustomed, that it was that of a woman in a white dress, over which a loose black cloak had been thrown.

"One of the maids going to interview a sweetheart," he thought; but then he remembered that old Martha was the only female domestic at the Cedars.

The next moment the figure had emerged hastily from the shade, caught up the wool cloud of pink and blue which Jo had left on one of the seats, and, with a deft movement, wound it round her head and shoulders. Then she hastily re-entered the dark shadow by the side of the shrubbery, and was hurrying in the direction of the spinney. Gerald Passy was overcame with painful astonishment.

"Jo," he gasped—"Jo coming out like this! What for? To meet whom?"

There was an overwhelming moment of anger, sorrow, and disgust. Which feeling predominated, it would be impossible to say. Then swiftly came a gentler thought.

"Poor child! Poor foolish innocent child! She cannot realize how madly she is acting. I will follow her and see that she comes to no harm."

It was easy enough to follow her now, for the wrap looked almost white in the faint light. In a few minutes the figure reached a clearing, and Gerald, waiting under the trees, saw the girl join a tall thin man, who stepped forward eagerly as she approached him.

Of the man he could see little, his back being to the moon and his face therefore indiscernible, but he wore a long, light summer overcoat which completely hid his figure.

Although determined, for Jo's sake, to keep them within sight, still Gerald shrank from listening to a conversation not intended for his ears. But he could hardly refrain from groaning aloud when the man took the slight girlish figure in his arms and kissed her affectionately, she submitting very calmly, as if it were the merest matter of course.

"That is not the first time by many," Gerald thought bitterly.

His chateau en Espagne had vanished, his bright hopes were gone, leaving for him nothing but dust and ashes. Only one duty remained to him—to watch over the girl and protect her, if need be, from this scoundrel who did not hesitate to risk compromising her by asking her to meet him thus.

Meanwhile the couple were talking earnestly, the man apparently pleading and entreating, the girl evidently refusing.

She shook her head decidedly twice, and once, when the man moved forward with outstretched hands, she stepped back so suddenly, with a gesture of repulsion, that Gerald longed to spring at the fellow's throat and choke him.

At last the man said something that seemed to give the girl great offence. With a gesture of dissent, she turned and walked away from him, but he strode rapidly after her and caught her by the arm. With a sudden movement she jerked herself free and stood facing him.

"If I consent, will you promise?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied in a low tone—"I promise."

"You ask a great sacrifice on my part. Why cannot things be as I wish?"

"Because I have my own safety to think of as well as your caprice."

"You drive me almost mad!" the man exclaimed angrily.

"What do you think my feelings must be?" she retorted. "Duplicity and falsehood are becoming second nature to me, and I am turning coward too. I awake at night cold with fear as to how it will all end."

"Will you give me those papers to destroy?"

"No! I have told you again and again that I never will."

"While you have those you have the whip hand of me"—the man's voice was distinctly angry now and most unlover-like. "Of course I must do as you wish. You won't play me false at the last? You will come to me?"

"I will."

Then the man stooped and kissed her, and they parted; she speeding away towards the house, he calmly lighting a cigar and strolling off in the direction of the village.

Gerald passed his hand slowly over his forehead, and then walked down the path towards the river.

Mechanically he entered his canoe and paddled up the river to Woodthorpe.

"Who can he be?" he wondered. "Jo's life has been so quiet, so uneventful!"

CHAPTER VI.

ANY one in, Martha?"

"Miss Jo is down in the orchard, sir. The mistress and Miss Wallingford have gone into Cheniston shopping, and I don't know where Mr. Dick is. Shall I look, sir?"

"No, thank you, Martha; perhaps I shall find him in the orchard too;" and Gerald, nodding kindly to the old woman, with whom he was a great favorite, turned away.

Jo was seated in a cane lounge-chair in her pet shady corner, and was calmly engaged in knitting, but she looked up brightly as he approached.

"Is that you, Jerry? You'll find it rather dull here this morning, for I'm all alone."

"I am very glad of it," he remarked quietly. And Jo looked up into his grave face with a puzzled expression.

"Is anything the matter? Has anything gone wrong?" she inquired anxiously.

"Yes," he replied, taking a seat near her, and turning it so that he could see her face while he talked to her.

"I am very sorry! Is it anything that mother or I can help you in? You know we would if we could."

"Would you?" he asked, leaning forward, with his elbows on his knees, his hands clasped, and his head drooping in an attitude of deep concern.

"Why, you know it!" she replied.

"Something has come to my knowledge that distresses me greatly. I smoked a cigar in the orchard last night after I left you."

Gerald raised his eyes suddenly, and looked at her. The girl stopped knitting and leaned forward with her kind earnest eyes meeting his own, but with no fear of discovery or consciousness of guilt apparent in their calm depths.

"Let me be your friend, Jo; trust me," he continued earnestly.

"You are my friend. I do trust you, Jerry."

"Tell me your trouble, then. If you do not like to tell Dick, let me be your brother in this matter. If that man has any hold on you——"

"Any hold on me! That man! I don't understand you."

Gerald looked at her keenly. She was evidently surprised and a little angry, but not ashamed.

"I was in the orchard, Jo."

"Is that supposed to affect me in any way? What are you driving at, Jerry?"

"You left that wrap of yours out there."

"I did, but it was brought in."

"Yes—I know; I saw it brought in. I was here."

"Of course you were," Jo replied gently. And now, to his surprise, her expression changed.

There was kindly sympathy in her eyes for him, but for herself neither fear nor shame. If she was acting, Gerald thought she did it splendidly.

He did not know what to say or what to do. He could not tell her in so many words—"I saw you last night; I watched you meet that man, and saw him kiss you." Yet he must save her; and then the words she had spoken came back to him, and he repeated them—

"'Duplicity and falsehood are becoming second nature to me.' Is it not terrible to hear ones own that?"

"It is indeed, Jerry. If that trouble has fallen to your lot, it is worse than the loss of your money. I am sorry—very sorry for you!"

Gerald passed his hand over his forehead; and she continued.

"Is your head aching, Jerry? Do you feel ill? Oh, Jerry, don't fret over lost money or inconstant friends! One so false is not worth grieving over, though, if your friend was ever dear to you, you no doubt feel it intensely; but in time you will be thankful you have found out."

"Jo," he exclaimed passionately, "I saw you bring that scarf in last night!"

But the girl still met his eyes unflinchingly, and, stretching out her cool hand, took his and held it between her own. It was hot and dry; he was feverish and evidently delirious. She was afraid to contradict him, but would get him quietly into the house and tell Martha, who would perhaps know what to do.

"I saw you," he repeated.

"Did you?" she replied. "Then of course you must be right. I found it in the hall this morning, and Adeline told me she had seen it after I came in, and brought it in for me. It is not of much consequence, is it?" she asked anxiously, for the blood rushed in a hot torrent to his face, and, seizing her hand in both of his, he bent over and kissed it passionately.

"Good heavens—this is dreadful! He must be in a high state of fever," she thought, leaving her hand lying passive in his.

"Jo dear, call me a fool, dolt, idiot, blockhead, egregious ass—anything that denotes stupidity! You can't imagine how it would relieve my feelings!"

"I am afraid I do think you rather curious this morning, Jerry. It cannot possibly matter who brought in that wrap, although I know it was very careless of me to forget it. But you seem to be better pleased that I should have been so forgetful. If you have quite done with my hand, will you let it go, please?"

He obeyed her at once; and the girl looked at him in blank astonishment. His eyes were now sparkling, his face was flushed and joyous—indeed, he did not seem the same man who had looked so utterly depressed and gloomy only a few moments previously.

Certainly there was no indication of fever or delirium left; but the whole thing

seemed incomprehensible and ridiculous, and she told Gerald so.

Jo waited for some explanation, but he seemingly could not give it. He made a blundering excuse that he had made a mistake—in fact, he hardly knew what to say.

"Don't try, Jerry," she interrupted, smiling. "You are not good at tarradiddles. I see that you don't want to explain, so let matters be. But please try not to get wild notions about me into your head again." Then, seeing that he was silent and embarrassed, she changed the subject and spoke of her mother's shopping expedition.

"I wanted her to run up to London, as I thought it would do her good; and Adeline wants to go next week," she said, going on with her knitting, and not looking up as she spoke. "But Adeline seems to have so much to do that she would not be able to be long with mother."

"Is she going up to friends, then?" Gerald inquired.

"I don't know; she does not tell us, and of course we do not like to ask questions. You see Adeline is twenty-three, and we do not feel justified in interfering in her affairs, although I think mother would like it better if she were not so reticent with her."

"That is Dick's whistle!" exclaimed Gerald, raising his hand and listening.

"Yes," replied Jo, sighing, "he is continually whistling 'Hi-tiddly hi ti' or 'Ta-ra-ra boom-de ay.' The man who said that any one might make the nation's laws if he made their songs would have recanted had he lived in the present day."

"It is to be hoped, at any rate, that he would have treated us to something better than those two," replied the young fellow, laughing.

"Hallo, Jerry! Stop to luncheon, won't you?" cried Dick, as he approached them. "Mother and Adeline will be home in a few minutes."

"No, no! I won't stay this morning," replied Gerald hastily, he rose.

"Come again this evening then, and let us have another turn at the tennis; the grass is in splendid condition. Are you sure you won't stay now?"

"Not now, thanks," returned Mr. Passy, his manner becoming hurried and rather nervous.

"But you will come back by-and-by?"

"Yes—I will come over this evening." And Gerald departed before Mrs. Greyson and Adeline returned.

"I don't believe Jerry was well this morning," Dick remarked at the dinner-table.

"I am sure he was not," responded Jo. "He talked so curiously. He told me he had smoked a cigar in the orchard last night, and had seen me fetch my shawl. He rambled so strangely that I thought he was delirous; and then when I told him that Adeline brought it in last night he got quite excited and seemed immensely relieved. He was very strange about it, and would not tell me what it all meant."

Adeline bent over her plate, and her face was very pale for a few moments; but with a great effort she recovered her self-possession and joined pleasantly in the conversation. No casual observer could have supposed that she was sick at heart with fear and anger.

Before Gerald Passy came in the evening her resolve was taken.

After tea had been partaken of she rose and, opening her sunshade, wandered away from the group under the cedar. But Gerald did not follow her as she had hoped he would. However she must speak to him at any cost; it was almost a question of life and death to her, so she turned back again. Jo was engaged in helping Martha to gather up and remove the tea-things, and Mrs. Greyson had gone into the house.

"Dick," she said to her cousin, "will you do me a favor? I have forgotten to bring down my shawl—the white Shetland one, you know. It is on the sofa. Will you fetch it for me?"

Then, as he departed, she turned to Gerald.

"Will you come into the orchard with me, Mr. Passy? They will rejoin us in a moment. I wanted to speak to you," she explained nervously. "I am very anxious, and I shall be so glad in my trouble to have a friend I can trust."

Gerald bowed gravely; and she continued.

"You saw me last night, Mr. Passy. Did you see my friend?"

"I saw the man you met."

Adeline looked at him for a moment and her eyes gleamed.

"I won't ask you why you followed me," she remarked.

"I will tell you unasked, Miss Wallingford. You put on Jo's wrap, and I thought I was following her. I wished to see that she was safe."

"There's not much danger to be apprehended from poor old Mortimer," she observed, smiling. "He is no one's enemy but his own. I did not mean to mention his name, Mr. Passy. I must ask you if you cannot forget it, and let me rely on your honor not to mention it."

"Please remember I am not seeking your confidence, Miss Wallingford." Gerald spoke coldly, for she had caused him to pass a miserable night and nearly to quarrel with Jo.

"I won't force it upon you, you may be sure, Mr. Passy. I shall do my best for poor old Mortimer, for my father's sake, and because I have known him all my life. I need no assistance, and possibly I can manage without advice."

Gerald felt that he had been curt and barely courteous.

"If your friend is in trouble, any aid I could give is most heartily at your service."

"Thank you, you are very kind! The only thing is that I feel the great responsibility of having the secret. Mortimer was my father's confidential clerk for some years. Since my parent's death the poor old man has had rather a hard time of it. To make matters worse, it seems that he has done something wrong, and is in such a dread of being recognized that I had to consent to meet him as I did, or forsake my poor old friend."

"Cannot anything be done for him?"

"I want him to get out of England, but he says he is safer in an English village than attempting to leave one of our large seaports."

"You see, in trying to help him to escape you make yourself an accessery after the fact. It is rather a dangerous proceeding," observed Gerald.

"Pray don't think I wish you to incur any danger on my account!"

"You persist in misunderstanding me, Miss Wallingford. As I don't know the man, I know nothing of his crime."

"Don't say 'Crime'! It sounds so dreadful!"

"I will say 'peccadillo' if you like it better. Find out how I can assist him. Many a poor fellow goes to the dogs who might have been saved had a helping hand been extended in time. If it is only a question of a little money, and your friend will let me know what I can do to help, perhaps your anxiety might be happily ended."

"You are very kind."

"Will you give me his address and let me see him myself?"

"No—he wouldn't like that," she replied hurriedly.

"As you please," returned Gerald; and as the rest were coming up the path no more could be said.

One thing was evident to Gerald—Jo avoided him. She gave him no opportunity of speaking to her except on the subject of the game, and he attributed it to the annoyance he had caused her in the morning. Mr. Passy never suspected for a moment that he was supposed by Jo to have some private understanding with Adeline.

Jo felt aggrieved that her friend had been taken from her. There were mysteries and confidence between him and Adeline, and she would not for a moment appear to evince a desire to intrude upon them.

"I have offended Jo too much for her to pardon me," Gerald thought. "What an awful idiot I must have been to ask her if that man had a hold upon her! Of course she resents it."

Soon after they had begun the game Katie Barnes and Bessie Burbridge came in, followed closely by Walter and Herbert Powys. It was very difficult then for Gerald to make an opportunity to speak to Jo, but he contrived to whisper—

"Will you not forgive me?"

She, thinking he supposed she was jealous, replied lightly—

"What for? For playing so badly? Oh, yes, of course—one cannot always be at one's best!"—and then she moved away and gave him no further opportunity.

When Gerald was going away, Adeline, as she shook hands with him, said in a soft whisper—

"I'll not forget."

Gerald glanced quickly at Jo, but the latter did not appear to have heard.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UNSUSPECTED TALENT.—The following anecdote was told of Robert Burns in his youth. Burns was living in the town of Ayr, and though still young, had attained more than a local reputation as a poet. One day he was passing through the main street of the town, and saw two strangers sitting at one of the inn windows. With idle curiosity he stopped to look at them. Seeing him, and thinking the rustic might afford them some amusement while they were waiting, the strangers called him in and asked him to dine with them. Burns readily accepted the invitation, and proved a merry, entertaining guest. When dinner was nearly finished the strangers suggested that each should try his hand at verse-making, and that the one who failed to write a rhyme should pay for the dinner. They felt secure in the challenge, believing that their guest would pay for the meal. The rhymes were written, and Burns read the following: "I, Johnny Peep, saw two sheep; two sheep saw me. Half a crown a piece will pay for their fleece, and I, Johnny Peep, go free." The strangers' astonishment was great, and they both exclaimed: "Who are you? You must be Robbie Burns!" And Robbie Burns did not pay for the dinner.

STABBING AS A FINE ART.—For centuries Italy has been famous, among other things, for the dexterous use which its natives have made of the kind of dagger known as a stiletto, as a means of putting out of the way inconvenient people.

In these circumstances, it is hardly to be wondered at that a certain amount of taste and fancy regulates the shapes of those articles.

In the method of using them, there is, however, no difference—a neat upward stroke, sometimes below the heart, sometimes in the groin, but equally effective wherever applied.

The average length of a stiletto is seven or eight inches, while one shape is wavy, rather resembling the famous Malay kris. Another favorite form is a broad blade, coming to an abrupt termination, and having for handle merely a cross piece of brass or wood, covered with leather. The kind is rather shorter than the average, its length being only five or six inches.

The true stiletto, however, tapers from the handle to the point, which latter is as sharp as a needle, while the sides slope down from a line through the middle of the blade. The edges, of course, are of razor-like sharpness.

Wherein the special advantage of a stiletto consists lies in the fact that, in the hand of a skilled user of the weapon, it will deal the most deadly wounds while drawing little or no blood—often a matter of great importance.

In recent years, however, the Italian shown a disposition to avail themselves of pistols and other weapons, so that the popularity of the stiletto may be said to be on the wane.

GRAZING THE HORSE.—A fine Maltese cat was given to us when a kitten, which we named Maria, but in the course of time Thomas was added, and Thomas Maria became quite a character. He was devoted to one of the young men of the family whom he followed about the yard as closely as did a fine setter dog, named Spot.

The young man would hold the horse to grass on summer afternoons in the well turfed yard, and wherever he was there was the dog and cat. He had a very kind, endearing way with everything weaker than himself, and was as playful with his animals as a boy, who all seemed to understand and sympathize with his moods—whether of gaiety or gravity.

On one occasion, when the four of them were out on the grass, he bethought him of utilizing the intelligence of the dog and offered him the bridle. Of course Spot took it and kept it as long as he was allowed. This became a daily joke between them.

Thomas Maria looked on with such an air of appreciation of the fun that one day he was offered the bridle. He instantly took it in his mouth and sat with such invincible gravity holding the horse to grass that the whole family was summoned to enjoy the show.

Their laughter and applause was graciously accepted, but in no wise distracted his attention from the matter in hand.

Thereafter these three friends took turns with each other in keeping an eye on their mutual friend the horse, as he grazed. Thomas Maria always making signs when he thought it his turn to have the bridle.

E. C. M.

"You speak of that boy across the street as a 'geezer,'" said the elderly customers from the suburbs; "what is a geezer?" replied the bootblack, busily plying both his brushes, "is the same thing as a gazabo." "And what is a gazabo?" "Say," retorted the boy, straightening up and looking at him with open-eyed astonishment, "you'd better go to a night school."

Bric-a-Brac.

AS FOILS TO BEAUTY.—When a Chinese girl is married, her attendants are always the oldest and ugliest women to be found in the neighborhood, who are paid to act as foils to her beauty. It is said that some exceptionally ugly old women make their living by acting as professional attendants at weddings.

PLUMS AND APPLES.—In the sixteenth century there was a curious enactment in England whereby street hawkers were forbidden to sell plums and apples, for the reason that servants and apprentices were unable to resist the sight of them and were consequently tempted to steal their employers' money in order to enjoy the costly delicacies.

WHAT AN EMBARGO MEANS.—An embargo is an order from the government, usually issued in time of war or threatening hostilities, prohibiting the departure of ships or goods from some or all parts of the country. The order may be enforced on either native or foreign ships or merchandise, and when it is found necessary to stop the communication of intelligence between any two places, an embargo is laid upon all ships, both foreign and those under the national flag.

SMOKING.—The Japanese smoke in a very peculiar manner. The pipes have very small metal bowels, with bamboo stems and metal mouthpieces, and only hold enough tobacco for three or four whiffs. They use a tobacco which is cut extremely fine, and looks more like light blonde hair than anything else. It is of a very good quality, however. The Japs take a whiff of smoke and inhale it, letting it pass out through the nostrils. They rarely smoke more than one pipeful at a time.

JAPANESE SIGNS.—Nearly every shop in Japan for the sale of foreign goods is furnished with a sign in a foreign language. No matter whether the language is intelligible; if it is only in foreign characters, that is enough. Many of these signs are a study: "The all countries Boot and Shoe Small or Fine Wares;" "Old Curious;" "Horseshoe maker instruct by French horse leech;" "Cut Hair Shop;" "If you want sell watch, I will buy; if you want buy watch, I will sell. Yes, sir, we will, all will. Come at my shop. Watch-waker." "Hatter Native Country;" "Antemattic of Nausea Marina;" "The House Build for the manufacture of all and best kinds of Hats and Caps."

WITH A MEANING.—Chinese junks and boats have eyes carved or painted on the bows, which are usually supposed to be a mere fanciful form of ornamentation. But they have a real meaning, as a recent traveler found. In going up a certain river from Ning Po he was startled one day by seeing a boatman seize his broad hat and put it over one of the "eyes" of the boat, while other boats on the stream were similarly blinded. Looking about for an explanation, he saw a dead body floating past, and he was told by the boatman that if the boat had been allowed to "see" it some disaster would surely have happened either to passengers or crew before the voyage was ended.

"THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S" FAULT.—The peasantry of Russia know the Queen of England as "The Englishwoman," and entertain toward her anything but the kindest feelings. It is said that they attribute the ravages of cholera in Russia last year entirely to her. She is jealous of their Czar, they maintain, because he has more soldiers than she has; therefore, to lessen his power, she sent cholera among his subjects. The Queen's method of affecting this, it seems, was simple in the extreme. She merely smeared with cholera virus (whatever that may be) a certain number of coins, and under the name of a relief fund sent them into the famine stricken districts!

WALKING IN A CIRCLE.—One hears so much of travelers losing their way in the Australian "bush," that the following, from a colonial writer, is not without interest: "The tendency on these occasions," he says, "is to walk in circles. It is very annoying, but by no means unusual, to find one's self, after two hours' hard walking, at the exact spot one started from. Indeed, I have completed my circle in half an hour, when lost in the woods without a compass. I have remarked, too, that I almost invariably trend to the right, not to the left; and on comparing notes with other bush whackers, I find that I am not singular in this respect. Can it be that the left is generally the better leg of the two, and takes, imperceptibly, the longer stride?"

THE PASSING YEAR.

BY W. M. W.

Do you hear that mournful breeze,
As it sighs among the trees,
The trees that are crying for their leaves now dead?
It whistles thro' them cold,
Then away across the wold;
Did you hear its mocking laughter as it fled?

Strip, cruel wind, the tree,
Sound thy dirge-like minstrelsy,
Be tyrant then now, thou'rt not always king;
The time will come again
When a gentler Zephyr'll reign,
And the heart will rejoice in a new-born spring.

IN SILKEN CHAINS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HARRY RICHMOND took up his hat to go, but Madge asked him to stay to tea. They sat down, and she noticed that he was perfectly self possessed, with the modest calm of a gentleman, and was not at all awkward or embarrassed, as an ordinary workman might have been under the circumstances. He was, indeed, calmer than herself; for a wave of strange excitement—half pleasureable, half painful—was thrilling through her.

She could feel his dark eyes, with their gentle melancholy, watching her as she poured out the tea, and her hand trembled, and the color came and went in her face, accentuating her beauty.

"And who is this Lord Norman—— I beg your pardon, but I have forgotten his name again," he asked.

"Leehmere," she replied, with downcast eyes. "He is a gentleman whom we once knew."

"He would not feel flattered by your grandfather's mistake," he said. "A nobleman would not care to know that a poor sculptor's workman had been mistaken for him."

"Are you so poor?" she asked, scarcely knowing what she said, for still the tones of the musical voice startled and confused her.

He laughed, evidently not a whit offended by her question.

"Well, no; not if 'Poor and content is rich enough,' be true. I earn thirty shillings a week, and that, to a solitary man whose wants are few, is sufficient. I live in a little attic on the other side of the water—lodgings are cheaper there—and, as I said, am content. This," he glanced around admiringly, "is a palatial apartment, luxury itself, compared with it."

He didn't explain that he lived in an attic, and on short commons, because a large portion of his earnings was distributed amongst his poorer neighbors; but Madge, who had learnt how far thirty shillings will go, divided it instantly, and her lovely eyes glowed as they glanced at him.

"And do you not find it very dull?" she said.

He thought a moment.

"Yes," he replied, "very; and mostly when I turn in for the night. While one can walk about—and I spend nearly all my spare time on the tramp through the London streets—one can keep loneliness at arm's length. How glad you must be to have someone for whom you care, Miss Gordon!" And he looked with a strong man's smile of sympathy at the worn old man busy dozing in his chair.

Madge's eyes grew moist.

"Yes, he is all the world to me," she murmured, and I am happy while I have him."

Then he turned and spoke to Mr. Gordon, and the old man roused a little and answered him, but it was plain that he had forgotten his name, or how he happened to be there.

"Tilda came and cleared the tea-things away, and Madge got out her work, but it lay forgotten on her lap as she listened to Harry Richmond. He talked of all sorts of things, but of nothing that was not connected with London, she noticed. He told her about the hard work of the docks, related anecdotes respecting the poor people, his neighbors, explained to her the difference between the various kinds of marble; and, whatever the subject, she found herself listening with an intense, absorbing interest.

When he rose to go he looked round wistfully.

"Is it too much to ask that I may come again, Miss Gordon?" he said in a low voice.

Madge felt a thrill of pleasure, but, perhaps, because of that thrill, looked down and seemed to hesitate.

He colored under his tan. "It is too much," he said. "Forgive me! but"—he paused a moment—"you will think it presumptuous of me, but I can't help feeling that we are not quite the strangers our slight acquaintance makes us. I"—he put his hand to his forehead for an instant—"I feel as if we were old friends! I fear that now I have sinned beyond even your forgiveness."

"No, no," she said almost inaudibly, "and please come again; my grandfather will be glad to see you."

He held her hand; it seemed to her that his strong one pressed it, but in her agitation she could not be sure, and then he went. She sank into a chair and covered her eyes. No work was done that night.

Harry Richmond strode through the lamplit streets to his attic on the south side of the river. The blood was tingling in his veins. The lovely face of Madge Gordon floated before him like that of a spirit, making beautiful the murky streets, filling him with a kind of reverential joy and gladness, mingled with an aching longing.

Was it possible that he had only seen her for the first time that day? Surely not! Surely he must have known her for a long, long while, and had kept her image hidden away in his heart. Now and again people who passed him stopped and looked after him admiringly, and with a sort of wonder, for the handsome face was all aglow with the emotions that possessed him.

Presently a child—a little bit of a boy, one of the thousands of waifs and strays that float on the dark tide of the Great, the Joyous, the Sorrowful city, limped after him, and begged, and Harry Richmond, when at last he heard the faint, thin voice, came down from the clouds, and picked the child up in his arms; for tonight his great heart was overflowing with tenderness.

"My poor little man!" he said in a voice that filled the child with self pity. "Are you all alone in this great place? All alone and hungry, eh?"

"Yes, I'm hungry. Give me a penny,," said the child, whimpering.

Harry Richmond emptied his pockets of their small wealth, and put it into the dirty little claw.

"There you are!" he said cheeringly. "Hold on to it tightly. Run home now and buy some supper."

Half terrified by such generosity, the waif sped away with bare and noiseless feet, and Harry Richmond strode on. He was full of happiness, that was yet not perfect joy—so full that he felt as if the attic were not large enough for him to breathe in. So he paused at the door of the gloomy house, and walked on. Presently he got his pipe out, and finding himself out of tobacco, he walked abstractedly into the nearest tobacconist's, to find that he had not a penny in the world.

"Never mind," he said, with a smile to the shopman, and he put his pipe back in his pocket quite contentedly.

There was no supper when at last he climbed to his attic, but he could not have eaten if a Lord Mayor's banquet had been awaiting him. His heart was too full of this new and indescribable something that had come into his life to permit him even to sleep for a time, and it was dawn before he fell asleep, with "Madge!" upon his lips.

The sculptor's workman, the man who had lost his memory, was in love at last!

The next day Mr. Gerard sent up word, asking Madge if she could go round and sit for him, that he might finish the model, and Madge went round in the afternoon.

"Oh, I thought you would have come in the morning," said Mr. Gerard, as he opened the door to her. "My paid model is here—the young woman you have met, you know. I shall have finished with her in half an hour; it is her last sitting."

"I will go away and come again at the end of that time."

"No, no," he said anxiously; "that means that you will forget all about it. I know you women! Go into the yard and choose the marble you would like. Harry Richmond is there and will help you. He knows as much about it as I do."

In his eagerness to get back to his work, he almost pushed her down the steps leading to the yard, and Madge, though she would have withdrawn if she could have found any excuse ready, descended.

Harry Richmond was working at a block of marble, and did not hear her footsteps or see her until she stood close beside him. Then he turned, started, and in a very unworkmanlike way he dropped both mallet and chisel. He stooped to pick them up—and the exertion, slight as it must have been, made him very red—then raised his hat.

"Good afternoon, Miss Gordon. You—you startled me. I was thinking—I mean I did not expect to see you, and——"

"Mr. Gerard has sent me to choose the marble for my bust," she said, with a meekness unusal with Madge, and with downcast eyes.

Harry Richmond nodded quickly, and looked pleased.

"Yes! we will soon do that! At least," he corrected himself, "it will take a little time. It will want consideration." He gazed at her thoughtfully. "Yes, it must be the purest white Carrara! The purest!"

He looked around the yard, went to and examined some blocks, and presently returned to her with one on his shoulders.

Madge looked at him with wide-open eyes.

"Is it not very heavy?" she exclaimed.

He smiled as he set it carefully down at her feet.

"I am rather strong," he said almost apologetically. "There is the piece! It is the best in the yard. I will cut it into shape at once," and he caught up his chisel and mallet. Then he paused. "I wish I could carve it!" he murmured wistfully.

"Are you anxious to be a sculptor?" asked Madge, trying to meet the direct gaze of his dark eyes, and failing.

"No," he said; "I never had the desire till now; but it is a vain desire," he added sadly. "I have kept this block for some special work of Mr. Gerard's; he will be glad."

"Why?" said Madge innocently.

He looked at her and then fixedly at the marble.

"His whole soul will be in his statue of you," he said in a low voice. "He has never done anything better than your model in clay; I looked at it again this morning. I am going to ask him——" He stopped and bit his lip.

"What are you going to ask him?" Madge asked. She had seated herself on a slab of stone, her hands clasped in her lap, her lovely face turned up to him.

Before he answered he picked up his coat and, signing to her to rise, laid it on the stone.

"Oh, no, thanks!" she said.

"Do, please," he pleaded. "It is too hard a seat."

With a blush Madge seated herself on the coat.

"You have not told me what you are going to ask Mr. Gerard."

He held the mallet aloft, and looked straight before him.

"I am going to ask him to let me have the clay model of you," he said, almost timidly. "He breaks up most of them; but I think—I hope—he will give me yours."

Madge looked down, and was silent for a moment. The stroke of his mallet made sweet music.

"It must be very hard work," she said after the pause, during which she had been watching him with a woman's admiration of strength.

He thought for a moment.

"Yes, I suppose so," he said. "It was hard at first. To-day I have to work rather harder than usual."

"Why?" she asked, with as much interest as if the fate of an empire hung upon his answer.

"I was a late this morning," he said. "I did not sleep until dawn and I have to make up for lost time.

She, also, had not slept until dawn. Their wakefulness seemed to create a sympathy between them.

"Do you often get tired?" she asked, her dark gray eyes lifted to his face.

He laughed.

"Never, or scarcely ever," he replied. "I am very strong, as I said. How is Mr. Gordon to-day?"

"My grandfather is just the same," she answered.

"I was afraid that perhaps my visit had disturbed him," he said.

"Oh, no," she replied.

"Then I may come again?" he almost murmured.

"Yes," she said.

He worked on, talking as he worked, and Madge had grown quite unconscious of the flight of time when Mr. Gerard appeared at the top of the steps and called to her.

"Bring that block up here, Richmond!" he cried.

Harry Richmond took the marble on his broad shoulder, and followed Madge up to the studio.

"Chosen a piece? Let me see," said the sculptor. "Hem, the best piece in the yard, isn't it? Well, it can't be too good."

Harry Richmond passed into the studio, the block of marble on his shoulder, and as he did so the young woman, the paid model, who was going out by the door leading to the street, turned.

Her pale, careworn face went whiter than the marble itself, and as she shrank back against the half-opened door she uttered a sharp cry, her eyes fixed upon Harry Richmond with the mass of stone upheld by his muscular arms.

"What is the matter?" said Mr. Gerard with a frown; for your artist objects to the expression of emotion—unless it serves his purpose. "Are you faint, my girl?"

The girl put her hands to her eyes for a moment, then let them drop, and gazed fixedly, searchingly at Harry Richmond. He stood as calm and motionless as one of the statues, a grave surprise and pity in his handsome face.

"She has sat too long. She is tired," he said, and, setting down the block of marble, he poured out a glass of water from a jug and took it to her.

"Drink this," he said.

She took it with trembling hand, and looked up at him with the same fearful, anxious scrutiny. Then she sighed heavily and raised the glass to her lips.

"You—you don't know me?" she whispered.

He looked at her with brows bent thoughtfully.

"No," he said. "That is, I have seen you come here once or twice——"

She put the glass down with a sigh, drew her thin shawl round her and went out.

Harry Richmond turned to the others with a question on his lips; but the sculptor had placed Madge in her proper pose, and had evidently quite forgotten his last model and her slight fainting fit.

Harry Richmond stood looking on for a few minutes, then, as if remembering that he was wasting his master's time, reluctantly and with a sigh went back to the yard again.

Mr. Gerard worked with the absorption of a genius.

"This is going to be one of my best bits of work," he said, almost to himself, as he washed his clayey hands. "Yes, I'm in luck! There will be at least one statue with a lovely face in the next Academy."

He was so absorbed, so fully in the seventh heaven—the artists' heaven—that he let her go without a word—in fact, scarcely knew that she had gone. Madge glanced towards the yard as she left the studio. Harry Richmond was still at work; and the chisel and mallet made its wonted music.

When she reached home she found Silas Fletcher awaiting her, and the sight of him made her start guiltily. She had forgotten him! Yes, clean forgotten him. She could not raise her eyes to his face as he pressed her hand and stared at her with his passion laden eyes.

"Sorry I couldn't come last night, Madge," he said. "Fact is, I was kept at the office till late. I'm one of a 'corner' in cotton. There! you wouldn't understand me if I tried to explain it. But if we can pull the thing off properly it will make a man of me! I shall be next door to a hundred thousand pounder! Think of that! You'll ride in your carriage and pair, Madge, mark my words."

"Is that Mr. Silas?" cried Mr. Gordon feebly, awakened from sleep by the unmusical voice. "How—how is the book getting on? I want to see the proofs."

"Oh, the book's all right, getting on stunningly," said Silas, carelessly. Then he turned to Madge.

"I've had a letter from the guv'nor. My lord! but things are going it at the Chase! Lord Norman's got engaged to Lady Sybil Delamoor, of the Grange. It's in all the society papers."

"Yes?" said Madge, gravely. She was thinking at the moment of Harry Richmond, the man who strangely resembled Lord Norman. She felt that she ought to tell Silas Fletcher of her acquaintance with him, but she shrank from doing so, shrank painfully.

"Yes, it's a big match. He owns, or will own, half the county, and she's one of the real swells. But I don't envy them. She's as cold as ice, and he—well, he's got the devil's own temper."

"I hope they will be happy," said Madge, almost inaudibly.

"Oh, yes, so do I. At least, I don't care. But it's evident he's head over heels in love. What do you think he wants?

Madge smiled gravely.

"Why, he wants a bust of her. My guv'nor has written up to me about it. I'm to find out a sculptor—one of the best—and send him down regardless of ex-

pense. That's just like the swells, isn't it?" he remarked contemptuously. "A city man would ask the price first, and make a proper contract for it. But Lord Norman is too high and mighty for that. I've got to find a man and send him down at once, post haste, and regardless of the cost."

Madge thought of Mr. Gerard.

"There is a famous sculptor lives in this house," she said.

"Does he?" exclaimed Mr. Silas pricking up his ears. "Oh, come now! He can't be very famous, or he wouldn't hang out at such diggings as these."

"But he cares nothing for luxury," said Madge, "and he is a great sculptor."

"Is he?" said Mr. Silas. "Well, I'll see him, and see if we can't come to terms. Of course," with a cunning gleam in his eyes, "I shall want my commission."

"Your commission?"

"Oh, never mind; you don't understand business," said Mr. Silas, with a laugh of tolerant contempt. "I'll see to it! Leave it to me. All's fish that comes to the net of a city man. But isn't Lord Norman going it? The guv'nor says that the money is flying like leaves in autumn—quite poetical, isn't it? Nothing's good enough for the young lord: and the old man—the earl, I mean—sits there like a stuffed mummy, and can't say a word. Enough to make a fellow laugh, isn't it?"

Then, glancing at Madge's sad, grave face, he dropped the subject.

"You—you haven't forgotten our bargain, Madge?"

"No," she said faintly; then she looked up at the vulgar, commonplace face—the face which was so true an index of the vulgar commonplace mind—and tried to tell him of Harry Richmond.

But it seemed like sacrilege, and—she could not!

"I'll look that sculptor fellow up at once," he said, a little later on. "From the little I know of Lord Norman, and from my guv'nor's letter, I should say he isn't the man to bear any delay. The worst of it is," he added, as he held Madge's small, cool hand in his big moist palm, "that I've got to go down there to-morrow. It's a beastly nuisance, and—and I shall miss you, Madge. I wish I could think you'd miss me!"

Madge tried, honestly tried, to respond to the lovelorn look and tone, but her heart rebelled, and Mr. Silas had to be content with her gentle "Good-bye" as he marched down the stairs in search of Mr. Gerard, the famous sculptor.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TO put it in the slang of the day, Lord Norman was, though in a highly decorous manner, "painting the county red." The Chase had been filled all through the Christmas with a very large and an exceedingly "gay" party—a party which delighted in very late dinners, baccarat until the early morning, and breakfast consisting principally of grilled bones and curry.

It was a party that rode hard, played hard, flirted hard, and if it did not drink hard was only restrained from doing so by fear of losing its last thread of reputation; but as it consisted of the very creme de la creme of "smart" London society, and was as full of titles as a hedge is of blackberries in September, the world—even the quiet world of Downshire—had not a word to say against it, but was quite willing to dine, hunt, and dance with it.

And of this gathering of smart and choice spirits Lord Norman was the very soul. The young heir to Chesney Chase and the earldom seemed mad—mad with the pride of youth, the consciousness of wealth and strength, and, most of all, mad in his love for Sybil Delamoor.

He seemed, indeed, intoxicated with happiness, so much so that Lady Delamoor was startled out of her limp serenity into a remonstrance.

"I—I am afraid Norman is—is rather wild, Sybil," she said one day, just after the young lover had ridden away, with flushed face and glittering eyes, and urging his high-spirited horse into a mad gallop, down the Grange avenue.

Lady Sybil looked after his fast retreating form with a smile of conscious power and gratified vanity.

"Because he rides hard, mamma?" she said.

"Because—well, because he does everything hard," murmured Lady Delamoor gravely. "He is terribly excitable. The other night at dinner he looked so—so strange that I thought—really I thought—he had had too much wine."

Lady Sybil smiled.

"I know. He read your thought in your face, and told me of it. He had not had too much wine. He said"—she paused and smiled again, but without a trace of shyness—"he said that it was because I had been sitting next him, and he was thinking that I should soon be his."

Lady Delamoor looked shocked.

"Really, Sybil!"

"Well?" she returned. "What is there so dreadful in that? I should hate a lukewarm lover. I am rather cool myself."

"Yes," assented Lady Delamoor with a sigh.

"And one loves one's opposite, you know. Do not be afraid, mamma. Norman will settle down when we are married, and be as staid as even you can desire. At any rate, you won't expect me to find fault with him for being very much in love with me."

She paused a moment, then laughed softly.

"Have you heard of his last freak?"

"No!" said Lady Delamoor, with a glance almost of alarm. "What is it?"

"Nothing very dreadful. He is going to have a bust taken of me carved. Heaven only knows how many of my portraits he has already; but he says that nothing but my face in marble will satisfy him."

"It is—it is absurd," said Lady Delamoor. "I shall speak to him, and try and dissuade him from the idea. No one has a statuette carved until after she is married, and only then if she happens to be a celebrity."

"Well, and am I not a celebrity?" said Lady Sybil, raising her exquisitely pencilled brows, and looking down at the fair and rather troubled face by the fire with icy hauteur. "Is there not a paragraph devoted to me in each number of the society papers? Doesn't all the world know of my engagement, the exact number of the wedding presents, and what my gowns are going to be?"

Lady Delamoor sighed.

"Sometime," she faltered, "sometimes, Sybil, this engagement, much as I desired it, almost frightens me. He—he is so wild and reckless, and—and—I cannot forget the poor earl, shut up in his room, speechless and powerless amidst all this gaiety."

Sybil shrugged her shoulders.

"Norman can't help his uncle's illness. The earl was once young himself, I suppose, and knew what it was to be in love," and she glanced significantly at her mother.

The pale face of the elder woman flushed, and she averted it hastily.

"At any rate, I object to this idea of the bust," she said faintly.

"Your objections come too late, dear," Sybil murmured in her languid tones. "Norman has just told me that the sculptor is coming down to-night, and that you and I are to go over to the Chase to-morrow, to give the man a sitting. He is a famous sculptor—I forget his name—and Norman has given him carte blanche. It is to be exhibited in the next Academy, and will, so Norman says, create quite an excitement. He says that it will be the most beautiful——" She broke off into a laugh. "But you will not care to hear his 'lover's flattery,' will you, dear?" And nestling into one of the softest chairs she took up a book, as if the subject were exhausted.

Norman had spoken truly, for at that moment Mr. Gerard was at the inn. He had declined Lord Norman's invitation to stay at the Chase during the progress of the bust.

"I know what that means," he said, as he sat beside the fire smoking his old briar pipe, as much beloved as burnt—which is saying a deal. "It means living a life of gilded slavery in the company of men and women who either treat you with open disdain or a patronage which is worse than the coldest scorn. Besides, I cannot work with people looking on who know nothing of art, and yet persist in chattering the most arrant rubbish about it."

The companion he addressed was Harry Richmond, for just before he was starting Mr. Gerard had called out of the window to him and told him that he wished Richmond to go with him.

Harry stared, and did not look overwhelmed with joy, for in an instant he reflected that leaving London meant leaving —Madge.

"What is the matter?" said Mr. Gerard. "Have you grown so fond of London streets and fogs that you can't bear to tear yourself away for a few days?"

"I will go, sir," said Harry; and an hour afterwards he had been ready to accompany his master.

"I don't know that I've much use for you now I've brought you," said Mr. Gerard, as they sat in the train. And he laughed absently. "But, any way, you can prepare the clay, and help keep the idiots off me. Tell them, if they want to talk, that they may talk to you; that I'm stone deaf—'stone' is distinctly good!—or that I bite if I'm spoken to."

"Very well," Harry Richmond had responded. He had been looking out of the carriage window as the train had whirled along; looking out with a grave thoughtfulness, and Mr. Gerard had asked him what he was thinking of.

"I was wondering whether I had ever lived in the country," he had replied.

"You don't remember?"

"No," was the reply. "But," he had added, almost to himself, "perhaps I may, some day."

"Some people would give all they possess to lose their memory as you have done, Richmond," Mr. Gerard had remarked.

Harry Richmond had been very thoughtful all through the journey, and he was still silent and preoccupied as the two men sat before the fire in the inn parlor and smoked their pipes.

"I wonder what this young lady is like?" queried the sculptor, presently. "Not nearly so beautiful as—as the bust I have left at home," he added.

Harry Richmond knew that he meant that of Madge, and he colored swiftly.

"Why did you leave it?" he said gravely. Mr. Gerard pushed his hand through his thick iron-gray hair.

"Why? Well, for several reasons. One, because that vulgar City fellow—what was his name?—Fletcher—offered me a large sum, any sum indeed, to come down; and we artists love money like other people; but the strongest reason——" He paused. "Do you know what happens to the men who cut diamonds? Sometimes when they have a large stone of extraordinary lustre they grow so absorbed in it that they get lost and are in danger of becoming mad. Then the manager of the works takes them off that big diamond and sets them to work on smaller and duller stones, and they recover their sanity. That little bust was too big a diamond to me, Richmond. Don't be uneasy," he laughed grimly, as Harry Richmond moved in his chair and frowned at the fire with a suddenly troubled face. "The poor diamond cutter knows all the time he is in love with the stone that it never can by any possibility be his; and I have known the same of Madge—Miss Gordon. She is worthy of a younger, a better man than this grizzled sculptor, and the grizzled sculptor knows it. Don't sigh like that, man, or you'll put the fire out"; and he laughed again and eyed the handsome face curiously.

Before Harry Richmond could speak—if he had been going to do so—the girl of the inn brought a note to Mr. Gerard.

He opened and read it, then tossed it across the table to Harry.

"Lord Norman," said the note "will be obliged if Mr. Gerard will come up to the Chase this evening, and confer with Lord Norman respecting Lady Sybil Delamoor's bust."

"Will you go?" asked Harry.

"I certainly will not," said the sculptor, leaning further back in his chair and stretching out his legs. "I would not leave this fire to-night at the bidding of a king—unless it were the king of sculptors or painters. I'd toil through the blackness of a Siberian forest for either of them any night. But I do not leave here for any mere son or nephew of an earl. Besides"—and he sent out a volume of smoke with a look of contemptuous indifference—"what the deuce does he mean by 'confer'? I have come to sculp, not to confer. If, when I have done the thing, his serene high mightiness doesn't like it, he can leave it."

He turned to the girl, who stood open-mouthed and fingering her apron, in a delicious condition of awe and admiration, for to her Lord Norman was a kind of demi-god.

"Tell the messenger that Mr. Gerard is in bed—or dead—which you like! And bring us in another mug of this old ale. But wait, stop!" he exclaimed. "If Lord Norman wants to 'confer,' why shouldn't he 'confer' with you, Richmond? Yes, you shall go! I see you are shocked at my rude impudence."

"I go?" said Harry Richmond. "What good could I do?"

Mr. Gerard laughed. The idea tickled him, and stuck to it. "Kings and queens have their ambassadors, why shouldn't a sculptor have his? Yes, you shall go. Tut, man, I can see you are dying to do so. Get your hat and see this sprig of nobility, and talk to him; you know enough of the jargon to do that. Tell him—oh, tell him what you like, but let him fully understand that I have come to sculp, not to confer. Confer!" And with a grunt he refilled his pipe, and settled himself deeper into his chair as if he never meant to leave it, or as if only dynamite would force him from it.

Harry Richmond hesitated; but only for a moment. It was his place to obey. He put on his overcoat and hat and went outside. A groom was standing by the door drinking glass of hot grog. He touched his hat.

"Are you ready, sir?" he asked.

Harry Richmond nodded, and they started. It was rather a dark night, but still light enough for them to see their road, and they walked on until they came within sight of the Chase.

The many windows blazing with light startled Harry Richmond from his reverie—a reverie in which the principal—indeed, the only—figure was that of Madge Gordon! He looked up surprised and interested.

"Is this the house?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man respectfully. "It's a fine place, isn't it?"

"It is," said Harry. "Is anything out of the ordinary going on there? There seems so much light and music, light and music," he added, for as they ascended the steps the sound of a violin and a piano floated out to them.

"Oh, it's only the usual thing," said the groom, carelessly, and with a touch of pride. "His lordship's got a big party staying at the Chase. They've just had dinner, and are enjoying themselves with a little dinner. Presently they'll take to card playing, and keep it up till morning. After that, those of 'em who haven't thought it worth while to go to bed will get some grilled bones, and be out with the hounds—there's a meet to-morrow morning—and you may bet your life Lord Norman will be one of 'em."

Harry Richmond looked round with unabated curiosity and interest. The place seemed a palace even to him, who was used to the large houses of London.

"He must be very rich, this Lord Norman," he said, rather to himself than to the groom; but the man heard him.

"Rich! I should think so! There's no end to the money. He'll be the richest man in this country, and any other for aught I know, when the earl dies."

"The earl?" said Harry.

"Yes; his uncle. He's up there." He pointed to some dimly-lit windows on the first floor. "Paralysed or something of the sort. Here we are," he broke off as they reached the hall. "You go in, sir, and send up your name. I mustn't enter the house by the front way."

Harry stepped into the hall, and looked around. Its vast size and air of patrician antiquity struck him, and so absorbed him that he forgot the business that had brought him there until a footman, in the rich livery which the retainers wore since Lord Norman's reign, came forward and eyed him expectantly—expectantly, but yet respectfully, for there was the unmistakable sign of the aristocrat in the tall, slight figure and handsome face.

"Lord Norman wishes to see me," said Harry Richmond. "At least—well, say Mr. Gerard; his lordship will understand them."

He turned as he spoke to look at a magnificent palm standing near a man in armor, and so brought his face into the light. The footman started.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed.

Harry Richmond turned to him with grave surprise. The man recovered his composure as it with an effort, and, still eyeing the handsome face covertly, said—

"This way, sir."

He showed Harry into Lord Norman's private smoking room, and closed the door.

Harry looked round. Following Lord Norman's instructions, Robins had converted the once dingy room into a comfortable den. It looked what it was, a private snuggery, and Harry Richmond noticed that all the doors were double—that is, one of wood and an inner one of baize—and that the single window was covered by a curtain of heavy velvet. A lamp turned down very low, lit the room but dimly.

He stood for a moment looking round in the semi-darkness, then with a "Curse the idiot! why didn't he turn up the light?" he went to the table, on the other side of which Harry Richmond stood, and turned up the lamp.

Then saying "How do you do, Mr. Gerard? Awfully good of you to——" he raised his eyes to Harry Richmond's face.

The civil greeting died away, the handsome face lost its reckless flush and became suddenly pinched and livid, the dark eyes distended until the white showed all round the pupils, and with a cry of horror he clutched the table to prevent himself from falling.

"Good heavens!" burst from his pallid lips; "I—I must be mad or—or drunk!"

He staggered towards the door, looking over his shoulder at Harry Richmond's surprised face, as if he meant to fly from some spectre, then with an oath and a wild mad laugh—a laugh of desperate defiance—he flung himself against the door and confronted his visitor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A VISION.

BY M. L.

Sometimes we see a picture in a face.
Late, in the turmoil of a city street,
I met one, nobly carven, serious-sweet,
As though anointed of her Master's grace
To some high destiny—the forehead's space
Smooth and serene, the deep and wistful eyes
Looking as though they listened, from the skies
Some silver sweep of angel wings to trace
Or angel voice to hearken, all her soul
Trembling on her lips' blossom! The whole
Of the world's rout fell from me, and in dreams
I saw green meadow and clear purling streams
In olden France, and, star-like o'er the dark
Of storm and strife, the face of Joan of Arc!

A LIFE REDEEMED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

MARY'S "cackle," as Dane would have called it, had given Lyra time to recover herself.

"I'm afraid I can't tell you about my trouble, Mary," Lady Dane said. "It's a trouble in which no one can help me; and I must bear it alone as best I can. Tell me about yourself—about Griffith."

"Lor, miss, there's nothing to tell about I," said Mary, refraining from asking any more questions, with that true delicacy which persons of her class so often display. "And as to Mr. Griffith, he's just the same as ever. He be a getting on nicely, and have got a little farm at the Mill Cottage. I go over there very often when it's my Sunday out, and we always spend the time talking of you. He shows me your letters and gets me to read 'em to him every time, as if he'd never heard 'em afore; and he's as proud of 'em as if they were writ on gold. Lor, how pleased he'll be to see you, Miss Lyra! There'll be no holding him!"

Lyra was on the point of saying that she was not going to the village; then she paused. Why should she not go there for a few hours, at any rate? Where else could she go? She would be safe there—could rest and reserve strength enough to enable her to continue her journey to London.

"He'll be almost mazed"—"mazed" is the Devonshire for "mad," "excited." "He's always hoping that you might find time to come and see him, if it was only for a few minutes. He's just the same as ever, miss—I mean, my lady—as crusty as an old file and rough as a bear. It's only outside, miss; his heart's all right, is Griffith's; and it's always 'My Miss Lyra, bless her!' with him. We often talk of old times, as is only natural. Ah, dear! we was all very happy, wasn't we, miss? Do you mind that Mr. Geoffrey Barle?"

Lyra drew away from her and averted her face.

"Terrible end for him, wasn't it, miss? Griffith told me all about it. But there, I mustn't keep on gabbling, for you look tired and well-nigh worn out. Let me put this shawl round you, for it's got chilly. Now do'ee, miss; I'm only carrying it."

When St. Aubyn got out at the next station he was astonished to find Lyra lying down, wrapped in the shawl, and the strange woman sitting beside her and holding her hand.

"You know the lady?" he asked in a whisper.

"Lor, bless you! yes, sir," said Mary in a low excited voice. "It's Miss Lyra, my old mistress. She's asleep, sir, thank goodness! for she looks main ill and troubled, poor thing!"

"Where are you going?" asked St. Aubyn.

"To the Mill Cottage, her old home," said Mary promptly. "I'm going to take her there, and stay with her, if I loose my situation," and she set her lips firmly.

St. Aubyn murmured an inaudible thanksgiving.

"Yes, yes," he said; "that's right. I will find you a new situation if you should lose your present one. Lady Armitage is in need of you. Where is this Mill Cottage?" he asked quickly, for the guard was impatient.

"Where? On the Yaw Valley—Yarnstaple's the address. Don't you be afraid, sir," she added, as St. Aubyn glanced at Lyra anxiously. "I'll take care of her. I'm not agoing to leave her now I've found her, and her wanting me, too."

"Yes, yes," said St. Aubyn eagerly, "she does want you."

At the next station he managed to get two cups of tea and brought them to the carriage. Lyra was still asleep, or in the stupor of exhaustion, and he waited beside the carriage window until the very last moment.

They reached Yarnstaple in the early morning. The storm had passed, the sun was shining brightly. He went to the carriage and told Mary to remain where she was until he came for them; then he hurried to the telegraph office, got a form, and wrote—

"Come to me at once. The Mill Cottage —St. Aubyn."

He addressed this "Armitage, Highfield," and was carrying it to the boy at the pigeon-hole, when it occurred to him that he would send it as if it had come from Lyra.

He erased the "St. Aubyn," and wrote "Lyra" in its place.

"Send this off at once. How long will it take getting there?"

"Not long, sir; the wire's clear in the morning," said the boy.

St. Aubyn engaged a fly, and then ran back to the carriage where Lyra and Mary were waiting for him.

He took Lyra's hand, then held her arm as she alighted, for she appeared almost too weak to stand.

Without a word she allowed him to lead her to the fly, and in silence they made their way through the town to Yaw Valley. Lyra leaning back and holding Mary's hand tightly, and looking straight before her with eyes that seemed to see nothing.

But when the fly trundled down the rough uneven road to the village and the house came in sight, she uttered a faint cry, and her hand clutched Mary's convulsively.

At the sound of carriage wheels Griffith came out of the porch and struggled down the path. At sight of Lyra his rugged face worked convulsively, and his fierce eyes glittered and blinked.

"Miss Lyra!" he gasped; "Miss Lyra!"

Lyra stood up in the fly and held out her hand to him.

"Griffith!" she cried; "Griffith!"

He took her in his arms, as he had been wont to do when she was a mite of a child, and lifted her bodily from the carriage, and held her as if in defiance of the whole world.

"You've come back to me, Miss Lyra!" he murmured hoarsely; "you've come back at last!" And completely disregarding the others, he carried her into the cottage.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DANE drove like John. When he reached Castle Towers the horses were wet with sweat and flecked with foam, but otherwise none the worse for their sharp spin.

The vague suspicion and dread which Chandos' hints and insinuations had raised in Dane's mind had been scattered by the cool night wind through which he had rushed.

There was still a dim light burning in the hall and at the sound of the carriage the butler came to the door.

He did not recognize Dane for a moment, and started and stared when he did so.

"Oh, my lord, is anything the matter?" he inquired.

"No, no!" said Dane; "that is, nothing to be alarmed about." He was just going to ask if Lady Dane was there, but checked himself. "You are up late," he said. "Don't trouble to ring for a groom, I'll take the horses round to the stables."

"Certainly not, my lord; the groom will be round in a few minutes. I'm very glad I'm up; I was waiting for the master. Come in, my lord; I'll stand by the horses."

"They won't run away to night, poor beasts," he said grimly; "I've come quickly. Mr. Fanshawe is out, you say?"

"Yes, my lord," replied the butler, as he patted the horses and looked with some surprise at their condition. "He has been called out to see a sick man."

"How is Lady Theodosia?" asked Dane, fighting hard to keep the question, "Where is Lady Dane?" from his lips.

"Thank you, my lord, her ladyship is better, but her ankle is very painful, and her ladyship can't get any sleep at night. I'm afraid she's awake now;" and he glanced up at the lighted window of Lady Theodosia's room.

A groom came up and took the horses, and Dane went into the hall. As he did so Mrs. Leslie looked over the balustrade.

"Is that you, Martin? How is he? Why, Lord Dane!" She broke off, starting at sight of him. "Is it you? Oh, there is something the matter!" and she was down the stairs and at his side in a moment. "What is it? Lyra?"

His face grew pale again.

"Lyra is here, is she not?" he said, gripping her hand fiercely.

"Lyra—Lady Dane here!" she faltered with amazement. "No. Oh, Lord Dane, why did you think that? Where is she?"

He drew her into a room and closed the door.

"Are you sure she is not here? You are not deceiving me?"

"Deceive you, Lord Dane! No, no. We have not seen her, she is not here. Why should I or anyone else deceive you?"

"God knows!" he said bitterly. "Read that!" and he thrust the crumpled note into her hand.

Mrs. Leslie read it and stared from it to him with surprise and dismay.

"I—I don't understand!" she gasped.

"No, nor I. Who does understand it? Is there anyone who can explain it to me?" he demanded wildly. "Why has she gone—left me—who—who loved her so! and where has she gone? Does Dosie know? Can she tell me, will she tell me? I'm stifling and choking with this mystery and suspense!"

"Oh, be calm, Lord Dane," she implored him. "Let me think! No, Dosie does not know. She has had no letters save those I have seen, and only an hour ago she was wondering whether you and Lyra would come here. Dosie is incapable of concealment or deceit; but I need not tell you that."

"Then who does knows?" he said fiercely. "Someone must be able to explain that—that note. Give it to me," and he almost snatched it from her hand, and began pacing the room.

"My goodness, what shall I do? Where can I seek her?" he groaned.

Mrs. Leslie put her hand to her head.

"It is all dark to me," she said. "Oh, if I had only stayed with her! I will go and tell Dosie."

"No, no!" he said. "She is ill, it can do no good." Then, forgetting what the butler had said, he inquired as if by a sudden impulse, "Where is Martin?"

Mrs. Leslie gave a little gasp, as of relief.

"Ah yes, Martin!" she said. "Yes, he can help us, he can tell us what to do; he is always so calm and self-reliant and helpful."

"Where is he?" demanded Dane.

"He has gone down to the village to see a man who is ill. He is at the cottage where Dosie slipped down stairs and sprained her ankle. The poor fellow is a stranger in this place, and very ill indeed—dying, the doctor says. Martin was sent for an hour ago; and I don't know how long he may stay; all night perhaps. Martin never spares himself. Shall I send for him? I must!"

"No, no," said Dane. "Tell me where the place is and I will go to him. I will not detain him more than five minutes. That will be long enough for him to tell me that he can't help me," and he sighed.

"Oh, don't despair, Lord Dane," she implored him with tears in her eyes. "It will all come right."

"Don't speak like that, or you will drive me mad," he said hoarsely. "I can see my darling at this moment in all sorts of dangers and perils—alone, friendless."

He turned his face away sharply.

Mrs. Leslie ran and got him a glass of wine.

"Oh! drink it to please me," she said. "You must not break down. Be strong, for my sake, Lord Dane."

He gulped down the wine.

"Now tell me where the cottage is," he said, putting on his hat.

She told him.

"You cannot mistake it. It is the third cottage on this side of the church. You will see a light in the bedroom window. You will come back?"

"I can't tell," he said. As he went out he told the groom to have the horses fed, rubbed down, and harnessed. "I may want them again in an hour," he said.

It was a lovely night; the stars were shining down upon the sleepy village; all was peace—a peace which jarred like a discordant note upon Dane's tortured heart.

He had no difficulty in finding the cottage—the light in the sick room guided him. He found the door open—as, indeed, were most of the doors in that happy and honest little place—and he went in, and knocked softly against the panel.

Martin Fanshawe came to the head of the stairs.

"Dane!" he said in a hushed voice, but with his usual calmness. "What is wrong? Come up, will you?"

Dane went up, and followed him into the small room. The candle light fell upon a man lying on the bed. At a glance Dane saw that he was dying.

"You can speak before him," said Martin. "The poor fellow is unconscious. I cannot leave him, for I have the woman of the house for the doctor, and I am taking charge of him. Is it anything serious?"

Before this, the greatest of all troubles, Dane felt his own shrink and dwindle.

"It is—Lyra," he said. "She has gone."

In a few broken words he told his story.

Martin looked grave and troubled, but calm and self-possessed. How many terrible stories of sorrow and sin he had had to listen to and advise upon!

"Sit down," he said, and he gently pressed Dane's shoulder. "Let us think. You have no clue, you say?"

"None!" said Dane, in a hoarse undertone. Both men spoke in a whisper for fear of disturbing the dying man.

"Is there no one of whom you can think to whom she would naturally go? Consider, and be calm! I know what you are feeling. I sympathize with you fully. Lyra is dear to all of us, to me, to Dosie. We must keep our heads cool, Dane. You can do nothing, absolutely nothing, until the telegraph opens at eight o'clock. Be sure of this, that your wife—our dear Lyra—is in God's hands. They are stronger than ours, strong to protect and guard her."

At these kind, wise words Lord Dane nearly broke down as he pressed the hand Martin held out to him. Martin went to the bed and bathed the forehead of the dying man, and was then returning to Dane's side when the man spoke.

"Send—send for him! Tell him I have something to tell him, something I must tell him!" he said feebly.

Martin went back to the bed and took the man's hand.

"If you mean me, Martin Fanshawe, I am here!" he said.

The man opened his eyes—already dimmed by the death film, and looked up at him with piteous imploration.

"I—I knew you would come if they sent," he said. "You have been very kind to me, you and Lady Theodosia. God bless her! Fanshawe, I—I have something on my mind. It weighs heavily upon me. I feel as—as if it was keeping me from dying, and God knows I want to die and be at rest badly enough. How hot it is! Hell's hot, they say!"

"Hush, hush!" said Martin Fanshawe. "There is no hell for the repentant sinner, my friend! If you have anything to tell me, any sin of which you repent and which you wish to confess, tell me."

He glanced at Dane, who rose to leave the room.

"Who is that?" asked the dying man.

"A friend of mine," said Martin. "He too, is in sore trouble. He will leave us that you may speak without reserve."

"No, no," said the man trying to raise himself upon his elbow. "Let him stay. What I've to tell you is best told with a witness. It does not concern myself alone. Let him come nearer and—and—listen. Take down every word I utter. Give me that Bible you left for me."

Martin reached the Bible from the drawer beside the bed and placed it in the man's hand. He grasped it, and slowly lifted it to his lips.

"You—you are a magistrate, are you not?" he asked in a hollow tone.

"I am," said Martin Fanshawe. "So also is my friend."

"Good," he said, with evident satisfaction in his thin tones. "I want to tell you about a piece of villainy in which I was concerned. A man I knew, an old college chum, came to me and asked me to take part in some amateur theatricals.

His voice failed him; but he fought against his weakness then, and until the end of his confession, with a stubborn persistence which seemed to thrust death aside by sheer force of will.

"That is what he called it; but I saw that was something more serious than play acting. He knew all about my past history, and about I'd meant to go into the church, and he wanted me to play the part of a parson at a wedding. Take that down."

Martin wrote rapidly in his note-book.

"I have it," he said in a low voice.

"Every word? Good. I was hard up, stone broke, at the time—up to the very neck in debt, and altogether helpless. I drank, too. He gave me enough liquor to drown what little conscience was left to me, and I consented to do what he required of me in consideration of a lump

sum down and my passage paid to one of colonies. He was a plausible devil and held out hopes"—he broke off and laughed, a ghastly laugh of self-mastery—"As if reformation was possible to such as I am! I consented, and left all arrangements to him. He was to bring the girl to an old church on a certain day, and there I was to marry them, or pretend to marry them."

He stopped and labored for breath.

"Give—give me some water!"

Dane held a cup to the parched lips, and the man thanked him.

"The day came, and though I'd more than half resolved to break my promise and have nothing to do with it, the money and the hope of a fresh chance in life were too much for me, and I—I went. It was an old church, old and damp. I can feel the damp of the place in my bones at this moment! My friend appeared with the girl. I'd expected to see some servant, or farmer's daughter; but the moment I saw her I knew that she was a lady. She was"—he groaned—"she was very beautiful; but it wasn't only her beauty, it was something else in her face that went to my heart and made me like a devil in the bottomless pit. I could see that she was innocent, innocent as a child, though the man had tried to make her a willing party in the sham. I could see that she believed the marriage was all right and correct, and that—that the man who had bribed me to destroy her was true and honest. More water!" he panted. "My blood's on fire at the thought of it all."

Dane held the cup to his lips again.

"I'd have backed out then. Before God, I wanted to do so; I tried to do so; but this devil in human shape, who'd got us both in his grip, taunted and goaded me on. I—I went through the farce of marrying them!"

His lips twitched, and he groaned.

"Raise him," said Martin, in a low solemn voice.

Dane put his arm round the man, and raised him.

"If I had lived to be a hundred, instead of dying in my prime, I should have remembered her face as she stood there in the old church. She was pale and wan—she tried to smile——"

He stopped and moaned.

"*My friend* gave me the money, and I went out—like Judas. I wish I had hanged myself like him! I left them—left her to her fate, like the cur and devil I was, and that same day sailed for Australia."

Martin wrote rapidly. "I have it all down," he said. "Is there anything more—the names?"

The dying man nodded feebly.

"Yes; I went to Australia, and—and I tried to turn over a new leaf. I think I—I should have done well and succeeded. I—I was no fool, and—and there is a chance out there for any man with brains who is willing to use them, and not afraid of work; but"—he sighed painfully—"I couldn't forget! Her face haunted me. I saw it every night when I fell asleep; I carried it about with me all day. In the middle of my work it came between me and whatever I was doing, and—and—I took to drink again to drown the face, the memory of the wrong I'd done her. Look here, you're a parson. Next Sunday, when you're preaching, tell them that if they think sin isn't punished in this world they make a great mistake. It is. The worst man in the world has a conscience, and it will make a hell for him if he's done one-half as bad a deed as I did that day."

Martin Fanshawe sighed.

"Would that all sinners could hear you!" he murmured.

"I left Australia. I didn't seem able to stay in any place long. I wandered about, working sometimes, drinking always. I lived the life of a dog; worse; of a man haunted by remorse. One day—I was in Rome—I fell into the hands of the police. I forget what was the matter; I daresay. They were dragging me off to the station. There was a crowd. On the edge of it I saw"—he paused and stopped for breath—"I saw her. For a minute or two I thought I had got D. T. and that it was only an hallucination. Then she spoke, and I knew it was she—the girl with the beautiful, innocent face that I'd pretended to marry. And she pleaded for me—she, the girl I'd ruined! There was a man with her—I don't know who he was—her husband, perhaps, but he paid some money—I think it was my rent I was in trouble for—and I was set free. She—she I'd sinned against, she I'd betrayed into the hands of a devil in human form—had saved me! Give me some water, water!" he broke off, gasping.

Dane put the cup to his lips once more, and the dying man tried to drink, but in vain.

"I'm—I'll nearly played out," he panted almost inaudibly. "There's no more to tell. I tried to drink myself mad. They—they turned me out of Rome. I—I came to England, and—and fell ill here. I—I knew I was dying; I told your wife so. I'm glad of it. What does such a wretch as I am want with life? If I lived to be a hundred, as I said, I should always be haunted by her. Yes, I'm glad I'm dying. Have you taken down all I've told you?" he demanded in a hollow whisper.

Martin inclined his head.

"Yes," he said; "but your confession is incomplete. You have given us no names, no dates. I trust, I greatly trust that the wrong you did may be set right. God works in a mysterious way; He has sent you here—has sent us here, to receive this confession of yours. There is, there must be some Divine purpose in it. Tell me the name of the man who tempted you, the name of the unfortunate girl whom you deceived."

Rawdon raised his hand to his lips.

"My name is Rawdon—Robert Rawdon," he said in so low a voice that Martin and Dane bent down to catch it. "The man who persuaded me to—to play the part in the mock marriage was—— Water! Oh, God! I am dying!"

Dane bathed his face, and Martin got a few drops of brandy through the fast clenching lips. Rawdon made a fierce fight with Death, and, for a few minutes, conquered.

"The man was Chandos—Chandos Armitage. Take it down; I swear it! The old church—St. Mark's, Yarnstaple. In the valley—near the river."

Dane started, but still held the dying man in his arms.

Martin wrote word for word.

"The girl?" he said solemnly.

"The girl?"

It was evident that Rawdon was battling with the shadow of death, that threatened to obliterate his memory as well as his powers of speech.

"The girl—she pleaded for me. She—she saved me that day in Rome; and I had ruined her. Oh, God forgive me!"

"Her name," said Martin solemnly.

"Her name," panted Rawdon, "I forget it. It is all dark—dark."

His voice ceased. The two men beside the bed exchanged glances.

"It is too late!" said Martin gravely; but, as if he had heard the words and understood them, the dying man opened his eyes, and almost inaudibly breathed—

"Lyra Chester."

For a moment Dane did not realize all the name meant; then he uttered a cry—a cry of horror.

The dying man heard it, and turned his eyes upon him.

"Lyra Chester," he repeated. "I—I ruined her, and—and she pleaded for me. Tell her that—that—ever from that day I'd—I'd have given my life to undo——"

His voice failed, a shudder convulsed his worn frame, and he sank into Dane's arms.

Martin Fanshawe knelt beside the bed, and his deep voice broke the stillness of death with the Lord's Prayer—

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

CHAPTER XL

DANE'S face, as he looked at Martin Fanshawe, was almost as white as the dead man's. Without a word he staggered downstairs into the open air.

Martin—the woman of the house having returned—followed him after a few minutes, and took his arm.

"Dane, Dane!" he said, as Dane tried to shake him off. "My poor Dane! You mustn't give way, you must keep calm. I wish that I could say that I did not think what we have just heard was true."

"It is true enough?" Dane broke in hoarsely. "It is true enough. Oh, my God! Married! She is not my wife! And married to—Chandos!"

He leant against the fence, and bowed his head in his hands, as if completely crushed. A moment or two afterwards he looked up.

"I don't believe it! I can't believe it! No one but a fiend could have been so false and treacherous as that man says she was. Lyra, my Lyra, false! She is incapable of it! Martin"—with a wild appeal in his voice—"you know her; do you think that Lyra, my wife, could have acted as he says she has done?"

Martin Fanshawe was silent a moment, then he said solemnly.

"No! No, Dane. I think that poor fellow who has just gone to the judgment seat told the truth so far as he knew it; but I feel convinced that there must be something behind it all—that we are not in possession of all the facts. I feel with you that Lyra is incapable, simply incapable of such—such deceit as this poor fellow's dying story implied. Come home now, Dane," and he led him away.

"Don't—don't tell the women," Dane groaned, as they entered the house. "I couldn't bear to have them speak to me yet, though they and all the world will know it presently. Not that it's true, mind!" he added, glaring at Martin Fanshawe fiercely.

"There's some explanation awaiting us. I am convinced of that. The first thing we have to do is to find her."

"Yes," said Dane, with a groan, "and him," he added between his clenched teeth. "Let me go at once—but where?"

"Back to Highfield," said Martin quietly. "She may have sent some message, and it may be awaiting you there now."

Dane shook his head despondently.

"Give me five minutes, and I will be ready to go with you," continued Martin.

"I can't take you from home," said Dane, but wistfully.

Martin Fanshawe smiled gravely as he left the room.

"Dosie is used to my leaving her at the call of any who need me, and you have a greater claim than anyone else, Dane."

The two men drove back to Highfield. Dane had resigned the reins to Martin.

"You take them," he said. "My—my hands shake so!"

As they came in sight of the house he looked up at the window of Lyra's room and sighed heavily, and turned his head away.

"I shall never see her again," he said.

"I think you will," responded Martin, with a quiet tone of conviction. "Wait; let us hear the whole truth. I cannot believe her guilty."

"Guilty? No!" said Dane. "But that devil may have got her in his power."

Martin insisted upon his eating some breakfast, though it were only a cup of coffee and a slice of bread, and the two men went down to the inn.

Dane took a heavy riding-whip from the stand as they crossed the hall, but Martin quietly drew it from his hand.

"No," he said; "the law is stronger to punish than the individual. Leave him to the law, Dane."

"You had better let me go alone, for I shall kill him," Dane said grimly.

They went to the inn, and Martin Fanshawe, firmly holding Dane's whip, inquired of the obsequious landlord for Chandos Armitage.

"Mr. Armitage have gone, sir," he said, looking from one to the other. "A telegram came for him quite early this morning, at ten minutes after eight, and Mr. Armitage started directly. He's gone by the first train, my lord."

Dane turned away and ground his teeth.

"Did he say where he was going?" asked Martin.

"No, sir; he was in such a hurry that he didn't even stop to pay his bill; not that that matters, for I knew as he was Lord Dane's cousin. He seemed upset like, and went off in a flurry. I expect there was some bad news in that there telegram, sir."

Martin took Dane's arm, and they went rapidly to the post-office.

"Is there any letter or telegram for Lord Dane?" Martin inquired of the girl at the counter.

"Yes, sir; here are the letters," she said, and handing them to him.

Dane examined them with feverish eagerness, but there none from Lyra.

"There was a telegram; but you've had that, I suppose, my lord? I sent it the very moment it came, just after eight."

"No," said Dane.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BECAUSE A PERSON HAS A BAD COUGH it should not be inferred that Consumption has set in, although a case of Consumption is rarely met with unaccompanied by a distressing Cough. Where, however, a disposition to Pulmonary disease exists, a Cough, if left to itself, strains and racks the lungs, wastes the general strength, and soon establishes an incurable complaint. In all cases, then, it is the safer plan to get rid of a Cough, Cold, or Hoarseness without delay, and for this purpose no remedy acts more promptly or surely, or with more benefit to the organs of the chest than Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, a medicine scientifically compounded from carefully selected drugs, and which on trial, will always be found worthy of its world-wide reputation.

Scientific and Useful.

UNDER WATER.—A German has invented a small house capable of holding four or five persons, to be used in diving and working in sunken ships or valuable wreckage of other character.

SANDPAPER.—Sandpaper is made with powdered glass instead of sand. Glass is easily powdered by heating it red hot, throwing it into water and finishing the powdering in an iron mortar.

BALLOONING.—The dangers of ballooning are to be slightly mitigated by the invention of a Frenchman, which provides for the equipment of a cylinder of membrane to the car, so arranged that by the pressure of a button it may be automatically inflated with air in the unfortunate event of the balloon falling into the sea.

PAPER GLOVES.—Paper gloves and hosiery are named as among the very latest novelties. Stockings which shall sell at three cents a pair are proposed. In fact, the experiment of making paper stockings has been going on for several months, and the party engaged therein believes that paper mittens or gloves would possess advantages in their season. The goods are light and airy and very comfortable in summer.

HAMMER.—Within a few weeks there will be a new trip hammer at the Watertown arsenal capable of striking a blow equal to a weight of 125 tons. It will be the largest trip hammer in New England. Its height is 16 feet 3½ inches. It will be supported by two legs, the distance between which will be 8 feet. The stroke will be 4 feet and 6 inches. The machine weighs 10 tons and the hammer three. When this hammer is in position the Watertown arsenal will be able to forge any piece of steel which will be required by the United States Ordnance Department.

Farm and Garden.

DIFFERENCES.—Manures from animals differ, the quality depending upon the feed from which it is obtained. It is best preserved by the use of plenty of absorbent material, especially to prevent loss of the liquid portions.

BEES.—There is no reason why every farmer should not keep bees. Honey costs nothing, and is a valuable product, considering the price it usually brings, in comparison with the small expense incurred in its production.

THE DAIRY.—A good dairy cow is one that has had excellent training. The disposition is very important, as the most profitable cow may be a source of annoyance if she is cross or unmanageable. The heifer is the future cow, and her training cannot begin too early. A kicking cow is always a menace, and there is liability of injury from her at any time, and when least expected.

SEEDS.—The growing of flower seeds is a delicate business that is highly profitable to those who carry it on with knowledge and skill. It may be successfully done on a small scale by persons who make specialties of a few things. The seeds vary greatly in market value. Poppies, hollyhocks, phlox, mignonette and asters fetch from 50 cents to $2.50 an ounce. Verbena seed retails as high as $3 an ounce, and fine pansy seed as high as $7 an ounce.

THE BEST.—A ready market always exists for the best. When the farmer produces a better article than the market contains he will not only secure a good price therefore, but the market will seek him the next season. The amount of fruit and vegetables, butter, cheese and poor animals shipped to the large cities is enormous, and prices fall because such articles cannot be sold. Aim to get good prices by selling nothing but what is in demand and of the highest quality.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

ISSUED WEEKLY AT 726 SANSOM ST.

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 9, 1895.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
[IN ADVANCE.]

1 Copy One Year..... $2.00
2 Copies One Year..... 3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 6.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postoffice money order, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

On Diffidence.

There are vast numbers of people who live uneasily under the consciousness that they are doing themselves less than justice in the eyes of their fellow-men because they are shy, bashful, awkward, repressed or unnaturally stupid when they would like to appear to the best advantage. This feeling does not spring up carelessly. Probably many of these good folk do suffer from a kind of mental paralysis when they ought to be most keenly alert. Their condition is not unlike that of the little child brought into the company of strangers. Very soon after consciousness has fully dawned, the child begins to fear and to be uneasy in strange presences. It turns away with troubled eyes from an unfamiliar face, and nestles closer to the known form of its mother. A few months later, when it has begun to toddle about and prattle all day, it will wander into a room where half a dozen strangers are sitting round and making a new and chilling atmosphere, and it will instantly be checked, tongue-tied, semi-paralyzed. A minute ago it was a free wayward merry being, given up unreservedly to a succession of shallow little enjoyments, a delightful thing to watch, graceful, self-satisfied, yet eagerly emulous.

It enters the "company" atmosphere with a plunge, the last words of the prattle of play on its lips; then instantly the conditions under which its intelligence will act easily are changed. A dozen pairs of eyes are turned upon the sensitive mite, and it shrinks under their glare. It is smitten into speechlessness and awkwardness, and either draws back out of the room, snubbed and shrivelled, in spite of the chorus of "Pretty dear!" or it stands sullen, lowering, wavering between defiance and fear.

We are aware that this description does not apply to all children, and that some will brave the company chill without bating one jot of self-possession. It is partly a matter of training and partly of nerves. The tongue-tied, nerve-deadened child must however be known to everybody.

Similar effects often last into later life, and men and women are aware that in a less degree they are constrained, awkward, self-conscious, stupid, given to saying and doing wrong things just when they would like to be most at ease and able to reflect their natural character on those around them. They have an instinctive distrust of themselves when they are under observation—a distrust more profound than is expressed in the comparatively temporary nervous trepidation known as bashfulness—a distrust that is far more overpowering than modesty, and has none of its advantages. We shall call this self-depreciative shrinkage diffidence.

While condemning as altogether unhealthy and almost vicious the shrinking diffidence that causes men and women to undervalue themselves and withdraw awkwardly from notice, a clear distinction must be made between diffidence and modesty. Men have always delighted to honor eventually such of their fellows as have displayed quietly a worth that could not be questioned, but who have refrained from pushing their own cause actively.

There is no more winning sight than complete and unaffected modesty; but, when the clear and general verdict is, "Come up higher!" a reasonable modesty will not shrink and simper, doubt and refuse. Probably, without losing any of its charm, it will cause its possessor to try unaffectedly to perform the task laid upon him. But this is a very different spirit from distrustful helpless diffidence.

Diffidence is sometimes traceable to sheer incompetence. The unfortunate sufferer is exceptionally clumsy and dull, and knows it. There doubtless are instances where diffidence is due to a shrinking shyness that is largely physical and constitutional; but more often it is the result of morbid introspection. We believe that a number of sufferers from diffidence owe the partial paralysis of their faculties, when special alertness is required of them in company, to what may be called the shock of the unusual. The child who, when it is noticed, passes from merry play into stolid pouting is not a victim of elaborate introspection, but of an instinctively arrest of the free action of its faculties. That effect will be weakened and will pass away as the child becomes accustomed to the presence of strangers. But, whatever the cause of diffidence, whether sheer incapacity, or physical shyness, or morbid introspection, or ignorance of the true relation of people present, or the cramping effect of the unusual, the effect is very distressing and disadvantageous.

For those who are diffident and abashed because they are trying to do work that is unsuitable for them, the better plan is to take up a more congenial occupation, rather than to be uncomfortable in striving after the unattainable. Many a young fellow who would cut an awkward figure in smart society is quite at home in a farm-yard. Why, then, should he not live without harassment where he can be useful and at ease? Some who have liberty when they are with their companions and equals are slaves to doubt and dumbness when they pass into the society of their superiors. Let them do it, then, but rarely and gradually. Increasing knowledge will soon give confidence to any who are diffident through ignorance, and so have to arrive slowly at a proper self-respect.

Self-reliance is not in any way incompatible with modesty. It does not flaunt itself; nor does it worry itself by dobuts. It is not introspective, except on great occasions when a steadying influence is required, and then self-communion becomes a source of strength and not of torturing weakness. There is a deep truth in no way selfish or offensive in Emerson's advice, "Trust thyself. Every heart vibrates to that iron string."

LOVE must have expression, or it will die. It can be kept for ever beautiful and blessed as at first, by giving it constant utterance in word and act. The more it is allowed to flow out in delicate attentions and noble service, the stronger and more satisfying and more blessed it will be. The house becomes home only when love drops its heavenly manna in it fresh every day; and the true marriage vow is not made once for all at the altar, but by loving words, helpful services, and delicate attentions to the end.

IT may certainly be said of some people that affectation is their nature. Nobody has ever seen them without it; they are incorrigible from native incompetence; they have no standard apart from the people about them, or the images which a feeble fancy constructs out of books. They can change their model, but they do not know what it is to be themselves; they cannot grasp things firmly, or hold opinions definitely enough to be natural.

THE early years of childhood are the store-house in which are hoarded the impressions that last through life; in them are gathered the influences that are to be ineffaceable in the after-career. We never forget the feelings we then experienced—the tones, the gestures, the faces of those we loved, or from whom we shrank, with the passionate intensity of our fresh hearts.

WE may be prohibited by another from making kindly advances. In such a case what course is to be pursued by us? Manifestly we are not to rush forward in an inconsiderate way. This would probably defeat our purpose. Love "suffereth long." Rather let us be patient. Time may be necessary to remove the occasion of the difference.

IF you aspire to the highest and best, you may not be able to attain the summit, but you will come much nearer to it than if, in the first instance, clipping the wings of what is really pure, noble, unselfish ambition, you determine to sacrifice and surrender all claim to the highest and the best, and rest content with some commonplace attainment.

THE older a man grows the fonder he becomes of the dim distances of childhood and of light-hearted pleasure which he has left so far behind him. The words youth and beauty stir in his mind the old associations of the past, and call up within him springs of indistinct fondness.

WHEN you speak evil of another, you must be prepared to have others speak evil of you. There is an old Buddhist proverb which says, "He who indulges in enmity is like one who throws ashes to windward, which come back to the same place and cover him all over."

HAPPY is the man whose courage is equal to his knowledge, and is not merely an occasional stimulus to pre-eminent deeds, but a continual factor in his daily life, enabling him to realize in practical action his best thoughts and aspirations.

MANY a maiden has consented to pass on to that ground where the disparaging term "old maid" is attached to her, from reasons as pure, as self-sacrificing, and as heroic as ever animated human nature.

A WOMAN who finds it is not "good form" to get into a rage watches herself so that she does not at least betray that she is in one. Presently the calm expression in reflex action begets a calm spirit.

EACH one must build his character for himself; and the best service that can be rendered to any man is to enable him to build it upon firm foundations and with enduring materials.

CHARACTER is a mosaic which takes a lifetime for its completion, and trifles, the little things of life, are the instruments most used in preparing each precious stone for its place.

HE who troubles himself more than he needs, grieves also more than is necessary, for the same weakness which makes him anticipate his misery, makes him enlarge it too.

SOME people would not look through Galileo's glass lest they should be convinced of the truth of his theories. Their descendants may be found in all parties and sects.

TRUE courage has so little to do with anger, that an angry man is suspected to be a coward.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

MYRTLE.—Damascus is the most ancient city in the world.

D. F.—There are various situations in the Civil Service; we do not know to which you are alluding.

M. D.—We should say that it is probably occasioned by the state of your health, in which case you should see a doctor.

A. B.—Cork is the bark of a species of oak that grows abundantly in Spain, Portugal, Italy, Algeria, and the south of France. The largest supply comes from Portugal.

LIZZIE.—Oliver Cromwell's father was the younger son of Sir Henry Cromwell, of Hinchinbrook, and a substantial country gentleman, not likely to have been a brewer, as some of Oliver's earlier biographers assert.

C. A.—In order to dry a large rose satisfactorily, you should place it between sheets of absorbent botanical paper, which can be obtained at some book shop which deals in botanical text-books. Do not subject your rose to very much pressure. Another way of preserving a rose for some time is to plunge it in paraffin, just warm enough to be fluid.

BERT.—The Atlantic steamers, which must make the voyage now in seven days or under, burn from 200 to 300 tons of coal daily, make this item of expense over $1500 every 24 hours. The Umbria burns 12 tons of coal per hour, and on every vessel of her size the journals and bearings of the machinery require 130 gallons of lubricating oil per day.

R. W. B.—The bell is an instrument of great antiquity. According to Plutarch, the tradespeople rang the bells in the Athenian markets. The Romans used them in the household. They are said to have been first used for churches about A. D. 400, by St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, a town in Campania. In England and France they were in use as early as the sixth century.

L. G.—Various meanings are given to the precious stones. According to some authorities a blue sapphire is the emblem of wisdom, and the white and red onyx is the emblem of conjugal happiness. Probably a ring composed of a sapphire, between two onyxes, means that a double portion of happiness in wedlock will result from the exercise of reason and common sense.

T. L. R.—If you can say so with truth, tell the young man that you do not wish to enter into the rather intimate relations known as "keeping company" with any one at present, but do not let him draw you into any rash promise to "keep company" with him or no one. If you can say nothing better, tell him you like him very well as a friend, but nothing more; if he chooses to be offended, it is not your fault.

L. B. C.—The first English patent for a fire-resisting safe was to Richard Scott in 1801. It consisted of an inner and an outer casting of metal, the space between being filled with charcoal or wood treated with an alkaline salt. The first American safes that attained any celebrity were those constructed under the patent of C. J. Gayler, issued in 1833. They were double chests, with spaces between them for air, or other good non-conductors of heat.

E. A. H.—The little white spots appearing on the finger-nails are due to some subtle action of the blood, upon which all the bones, sinews, muscles, and organs in the body are dependent for nutrition. They sometimes disappear of their own accord, but there is no known cure. In reality they signify no derangement of the system, and therefore as long as you enjoy good health, why allow such a trifling and harmless matter to destroy your equanimity.

C. N. J.—It is believed that marshes, whether salt or fresh, and wet meadows are especially subject to malaria, particularly when drying under a hot sun. The ploughing up of meadowlands, and the process of clearing a new country of its woods, thus exposing the soil to the full action of the sun, are generally followed by the prevalence of fevers. A marsh covered with water is innocuous; but when the moisture dries up under the influence of the sun it becomes pestilential. In malarious localities exposure to the night air should be avoided.

E. G.—The Doctrinaires were a French constitutionalist party, which originated after the restoration of the Bourbons. They were so called because they contended that the State should be administered in accordance with rational doctrines and demonstrable political utility rather than with party formulas or the passion of the hour. After the revolution of July, 1830, they assumed a conservative position, and after February, 1848, they were no more heard of as a party. Guizot, who was one of its foremost leaders, fled to England, but subsequently returned to France.

W. C.—1. The golden number for any year is the number of that year in the Metonic Cycle, which embraces nineteen years, the golden numbers ranging from 1 to 19. This cycle came into general use soon after its discovery by Meton, about 432 B. C., and the number of each year in it was ordered to be engraved in letters of gold, from which the name originated. Since the introduction of the Gregorian calendar, the point from which the golden numbers are reckoned is 1 B. C. 2. The dominical letter is the one which, in almanacs, denotes the Sabbath. The first seven letters of the alphabet are used for this purposes, the same letter standing for Sunday during a whole year; and after twenty-eight years the same letters return in the same manner.

LOVE.

BY J. R. L.

True Love is but a humble, low-born thing,
And hath its food served up in earthen ware;
It is a thing to walk with hand in hand,
Though the every-dayness of this work-day world,
Baring its tender feet to every roughness,
Yet letting not one heart-beat go astray
From Beauty's law of plainness and content;
A simple, fireside thing, whose quiet smile
Can warm earth's poorest hovel to a home.

"An Awful Bore!"

BY M. K.

"THEN you are really good enough to accept me on my own terms?"

"Yes, Mr. Bazelgette; since you have been so kind as to ask me, I am quite willing to marry you."

The answer comes slowly and thoughtfully from the lips of a lovely girl who is gently waving off the summer flies with a feather fan.

Mr. Bazelgette is leaning back luxuriously in one of the softest of chairs, with a cigar between his lips.

"Awfully obliged, I am sure!" he drawls, with the end of his cigar held between two lazy fingers. "Always thought you looked a sensible girl."

"I come of a remarkably practical stock," Grace Beckett answers, with a faint smile on her lips. "My sisters have all married well, you know, and it behoves me to follow suit."

"Yes—just so," Hugh Bazelgette assents, with a weary sigh. "Great bore marrying, don't you think?"

Again Grace betrays an inclination to smile; this time it appears almost irresistible, still she manages to repress it

"Yes—it certainly is a bore," she agrees languidly.

"I am bound to marry, you know," Hugh continues in a persecuted tone. "'Pon my word, I have often half wished myself a younger son!"

"Younger sons have to work," Miss Beckett observes dreamily.

"By Jove, so they have!" the young man exclaims. "That is worse than marriage."

Miss Beckett rather impatiently waves a fly from her lovely golden hair; then she inspects her shoe very seriously.

"I think you awfully sensible, you know," says Mr. Bazelgette, after a short pause, during which he seems to be expecting her to say something. "Most girls expect such a lot of rubbish about love and all that nonsense. I never could make an ass of myself about any woman. I am bound to get married, and so I have asked you because you are beautiful and sensible; and I think you will make a good wife."

"I hope so," Grace Beckett answers in a cool tone; and then, raising her deep violet eyes and contemplating her suitor critically, she adds, "I too was bound to get settled, and I accept you, Mr. Bazelgette, because you have a good income. I consider you personally unobjectionable; and it is my fourth season."

Candor seems to suit Hugh Bazelgette: only a little thoughtful pucker appears on his low forehead as he says, with a touch of mistrust in his tone—

"No arriere pensee, eh? You—you have never been what novelists call 'disappointed'?"

A low rippling laugh breaks from Grace Beckett's lips.

"No—I have never been in love," she answers, with satirical and even sceptical stress on the last two words. "Aggie, my eldest sister, took the complaint—only a slight attack fortunately—and she got over it all right."

"Your eldest sister, Lady Dunmow?"

"Yes." Then, with a little flush, which implies that she is vexed at having betrayed her sister's weakness. "Oh, it was nothing—nothing! She and Dunmow pull splendidly together."

"Just so; but I am better pleased to have you quite fancy-free. I shouldn't like my wife to bolt."

"We are not of that sort," says Grace coldly.

"No—of course not"—in a tone of apology. "I—I hope we shall get on together."

"I hope so; we need not bore each other more than is necessary"—suppressing a yawn. "By-the-way"—glancing at the clock. "I have an appointment at four."

Hugh Bazelgette rises from his chair with a slight show of embarrassment.

"By-the-way, oughtn't we to clinch our bargain with a ring?" he asks, with a laugh. "I am sure I have read somewhere that fellows give some sort of gage d' amour."

"It is not necessary," Grace Beckett answers carelessly.

"Still it is usual," he persists, a little piqued by her indifference. "I wish everything to be straight; but I am a duffer about those things! Would you mind my telling the jeweler to send up some for you to choose from?"

"I think it a capital plan," Grace says briskly. "I am too fond of my hands to tolerate an ugly ring."

"Your hands are perfect—in fact, taking you altogether, I think you are one of the prettiest girls I ever saw!" observes Hugh, contemplating his fiancee with a look of keen appreciation.

"'Beauty is only skin-deep,'" quotes Grace, with a significant glance at the clock.

"You want to get rid of me," he says. "All right! Ta-ta! Oh, 'pon my word"—turning back from the door with a smile—"there is another thing I forgot! I ought to kiss you."

Grace has risen suddenly from the chair. All her pretty color has fled; she stands before her fiance tall, white, and almost stern-looking.

"Don't—I would rather not!" she says, fixing her violet eyes steadily on his face until his smile has quite died away.

"But I know it is usual," he stammers.

"Certainly not in our case!" says Grace. "We are quite agreed that romance may go to the wall. Our marriage will be a business arrangement pure and simple."

Hugh Bazelgette draws quite close to her.

"I say, you are not huffy, are you?" he asks.

"No—not in the least"—with a reassuring smile—"but we agreed to dispense with humbug."

Hugh Bazelette is already beginning to see the breakers ahead which he hoped to avoid in proposing to Grace Beckett. Instinctively he feels that there is something wrong, and he tries to set it right. Slipping his arm round Grace's waist, he bends and kisses her cheek.

"That was rather silly of you—I told you it was quite unnecessary," says Grace, with a little shoulder-shrug, as she withdraws herself from his rather limp embrace. "However, if you had any superstition about it, we are all right now;" and unconsciously she rubs her cheek with the back of her hand, as though trying to efface his lukewarm kiss.

"I—I know it was orthodox," says Hugh, looking rather foolish and remarkably red, while Grace is perfectly cool and extremely pale.

"It is four," she says, with a touch of impatience and a sigh, as she looks again at the clock.

"All right—I am going! But when is it to be?"

"When is what to be?"—innocently.

"Our marriage, of course!"—with a forced laugh. "It is of no use being engaged if it does not end in marriage."

"Oh, I don't in the least mind when!"—with simple indifference. "You had better ask my mother."

"I am not going to marry your mother!"—rather sharply.

"Don't be cross!"—with a laugh. "I really have no idea as to time; I am in no hurry. Whenever it won't interfere with your other engagements."

"I don't believe you care a straw whether we are ever married!"

"Yes, I do indeed!"—demurely. "I should hate to be an old maid!"

"Well, I am off!"—with a nod.

"Not off your bargain?"—with pretty anxiety.

"No, off to my club. Au revoir! We shall meet to-night at the Walbecks'. Dancing is a fearful bore—but keep me a valse!"

"We can sit it out."

"So we can. Clever girl!"

"Don't call me clever, or I shall hate you! Clever women are odious. Good-bye! Don't forget the rings!"

"Diamonds, of course?"—interrogatively.

"Well, yes—a cluster. I hate bands."

"I will do my best to remember."

He departs, and Grace Beckett, whose appointment at four o'clock is a pure fabrication, sinks back in her chair and falls into a reverie. Was ever girl so coolly wooed before? She might be some hideous old woman, courted for her money-bags, instead of being, as she is, one of the most lovely girls in London.

Her sisters—far less beautiful than she—have been sought and won after the usual fashion. They have had only one thing to complain of during their short engagements—the over-affectionate zeal of their respective lovers. Grace owns to herself sadly that, though engaged, she has no lover. Has not Hugh just explained to her that he regards marriage as a necessary nuisance? Why had she not the womanly self-respect to refuse him? Why? As the feeling of indignation which has been surging within her slowly dies, the answer dawns in her dreamy eyes.

Not one jot has she ever cared for the unhappy youths and men who have laid their hearts at her feet; she has trampled on them, scoffed at them, laughed at them; and now she herself has fallen a victim to the unfathomable mystery which the world terms love. With all the strength of her romantic girlish nature she loves the man who calmly tells her that marriage is a bore."

It is bliss unparalelled to know that, in his careless way, he prefers her, at any rate, to others. She consoles herself with the meagre fact. Only one resolve is firm within her—never shall he guess the reason of her acceptance of him. If he is cold, she can be cold too. When he is bored, she will be bored. Pride certainly will help her to hide her innocent secret.

* * * * * *

They have been married two months. Grace, with her touch of matronly dignity, is even more lovely than in her girlhood. The London season is at an end; their so-called honeymoon is over; they are settled at Deerfoot Court. The country is dull, hunting will not commence for some time, and Hugh has not received his usual invitation to Scotland for the grouse-shooting.

"I haven't missed the twelfth for years," he grumbles. "But McGregor will never put up married couples; and I suppose he thought we had been married too short a time to bear the pangs of parting."

"What obsolete ideas your McGregor must cherish!" Grace remarks scoffingly. "Are all Scotch people so absurdly romantic!"

"Never considered McGregor romantic myself," Hugh answers, with a laugh. "Anyhow, his romance hasn't led so much—he is a bachelor."

"Ah, that decides it!" Grace says, with a sage nod. "It is only prosaic folk who get married. I dare say he is one of those men who love once and only once—not wisely, but too well."

"Still it is disappointing that he has not asked me North!" There is an unusual touch of impatience in Hugh's tone.

"Couldn't you write and suggest an invitation?"—satirically.

"Humbug!" Hugh ejaculates. "I thought you were coming for a ride with me? Whom the dickens are you writing to?"

"Jack"—with a smile and a sigh.

"That cousin of yours in India?"—frowning. "Has it never dawned upon you, Mrs. Bazelgette, that it is rather odd your writing every fortnight to Jack?"

"Never!" Grace answers, laughing. "I have always written regularly—why should I stop?" Her violet eyes defiantly meet his gaze.

"I say it is odd, now that you are a married woman."

"How odious it sounds—'a married woman'! By-the-way, wouldn't Jack think it more odd if I stopped writing? It is really too absurd! He might take it into his head that you were jealous!"

"When we married, you told me that you had no arriere pensee."

"Do you call Jack an arriere-pensee? Well, of course he does belong to the past—we were chums when children, but we were always quarreling. I am quite willing to give up writing if you are jealous."

"I don't care a button whether you write or not"—turning away impatiently. "I suppose I must ride alone?"

"So—I should like a ride"—sweetly; "the letter can wait."

So they go for their ride; and, as usual, Grace is sweetness and indifference personified. She chats merrily and brightly while he is inclined for talking, and keeps silence when his genial fit is over.

In due course they return to luncheon, after which Hugh leaves Grace to receive afternoon callers and dispense five o'clock tea. He is invisible until the gong announces dinner.

"I say, my dear girl, I can't stand this!" he says, with a mighty stretch and a prodigious yawn before the evening is over.

"Not stand what?—my playing?" asks Mrs. Bazelgette, turning round on the music-stool to contemplate her husband.

"No, my dear; every one says your playing is charming. This mean this gruesome solitude a deux."

"It is rather awful," Grace agree with such ready sympathy that Hugh feels a trifle staggered. "What do you propose? Shall I fill the house, or shall we pack up our traps and start for Paris?"

For almost the first time in his life, Hugh Bazelgette looks a little ashamed of himself. He answers in a tone of semi-apology—

"I was thinking of running over to Norway for three weeks or so—if you didn't mind."

"Of course I don't mind!"—in a tone of amusement. "But isn't it rather late for Norway?"

"Anything is better than mooning on here; but I was afraid you might feel lonely."

"Oh, I shall not be the least lonely! I can have Aggie and her husband down, and make up a nice little house party."

"Wouldn't that seem odd with me away?"—frowning.

"Not in the least. You surely do not imagine that I am going to wear the willow during your absence?"—and she gives a rippling laugh, which seems to echo somewhat mockingly.

"No—of course not; but——"

"I can't see any 'but,'" Grace interrupts. "When do you leave?"

"I thought of next Monday."

"All right! I will drop a line to Aggie at once, lest she should be making other arrangements." And Mrs. Bazelette walks over to a writing-table, unconsciously humming a gay little tune as she goes.

Hugh follows. What a perfect figure she has! How gracefully she moves!

"My dear girl," he says, in a tone of remonstrance, "how fearfully energetic you are! Why write to night? I—I don't know that I am quite decided about Norway."

"Oh, I think you are!"—with a bright smile, as she lights the candles.

"Look here—I won't go to Norway if you don't wish it!"

Hugh places his hands upon her shoulders as he speaks. She looks up into his face, her eyes sparkling with amusement.

"My dear boy, don't flatter yourself that I shall take your absence so terribly to heart! We should grow perfectly weary of other each, I am convinced, if we remained much longer boxed up by ourselves."

"Then you wish me to go?"—in an offended tone.

"Come, now, Hugh—didn't you propose it yourself?"

"I did"—gloomily—"and I suppose I meant it!"—doubtfully.

"Of course you meant it! There is no earthly reason why you should not go. I am convinced that people would be far happier in their married lives if they did not insist on being insaparable; it is a great mistake. People can't help becoming tired of each other if they are chained together."

"You ought to write an essay on the subject,"—coldly.

"Yes—I felt I ought; but I am afraid the idea would not catch on—most people have such absurdly romantic notions about marriage!"

"You seem pretty free from them, at any rate."

"Well, you would rather have a wife up to date, wouldn't you?"—with a saucy smile.

"There are some old-fashioned things that I respect," says Hugh, with some solemnity.

"Oh, yes, so do I—old china and Chippendale furniture, but I should hate an old-fashioned husband—the kind of being who would want me to adore him, you know!"—putting on an absurdly sentimental air.

"I don't believe you would care a brass farthing if I never came back for Norway!" says Hugh.

"Oh, but I should care!"—in reproachful horror. "I do think it would be fearfully mean of you to go and make a nasty little widow of me two months after marriage! It would be an unkindness I could never forgive!"

"That being the case, I had better take care of myself."

"Of course you must take care of yourself for my sake, as they say in books!"—and she lightly pats the back of his hand, which is resting on the table. "There now—go back to your sporting papers, you great lumbering fellow! I can never write a letter unless the air is all clear around me!"

So dismissed, Hugh retires to his own particular nook. But his eyes keep roving curiously to the table where the girlish wife, with her fair head bent, it hastily scribbling.

"I need never have feared being bored by her love," he thinks a little bitterly. "As to Norway, I would throw over the idea in a moment if she cared, but she is glad to get rid of me—positively glad! She actually rippled over with song when I first proposed it!"

The day fixed for Hugh's departure has arrived. Grace seems in the very best of spirits. Her husband tries to think that her unwonted vivacity does not arise from delight at the prospect of his absence, but it seems suspiciously like it. She will not be left to utter solitude. Lady Dunmow and her elderly spouse have consented to stay with her during her grass-widowhood. The fact that Lord Dunmow is confined to his own apartments by an attack of gout seems in no way to depress either of the sisters.

"We mean to have high old times, Aggie and I," said Mrs. Bazelgette innocently to her husband, as he stands in the hall ready to start.

"Yes—we hope to be awfully jolly!" added Lady Dunmow, linking her hands round her sister's arm.

"Umph!" growls Hugh, contemplating the two handsome girls with a slow head-shake. "Strikes me Dunmow won't be up to much in the way of sprees!"

"Of course not, poor old boy!" Lady Dunmow agrees complacently. "We shall leave him to the tender mercies of his valet while we spree about on our own account!"

"Two women without an escort?" Hugh asks.

"Married women, my dear Hugh, don't require escorts! Oh, it is just glorious, the freedom of being married! Don't you find it so, Grace?"—and Lady Dunmow gives the arm on which she is leaning an affectionate squeeze.

"Well, I haven't yet experienced the glorious freedom," Grace answers, smiling. "You see, Hugh is not crippled like your husband. But I'll take your word for it. How long will you be gone, Hugh?"

"Perhaps one month—perhaps two"—rather savagely. "By-the-way, Grace, look after Nip while I am away—the little beggar will miss me!"—stooping to caress a rough terrier.

"All right—if I remember," Grace answers carelessly.

Hugh gives her a long earnest look. Why cannot Aggie Dunmow retire? It is horrid, leave taking before strangers.

"Well, time is up," he says with an impatient sigh. "Au revoir, Aggie!"—shaking hands. "Good-bye, Grace?"—impressing a long kiss on her cheek.

The sisters follow him out of the hall, both smiling and linked arm in arm. He swings himself into the dog-cart and gathers up the reins.

"Bye-bye!" he says, smiling, with his eyes fixed on Grace's upturned face.

"Ta-ta!" she returns, as the dog-cart moves off; and then, stooping, she picks up Nip, who is whining sadly.

At the bend of the avenue Hugh turns—she knew he would—and waves his whip. She holds Nip up, and in response he throws her back a kiss. Then he is gone; and, with Nip still in her arms, Grace turns back sadly into the house.

"I could shake you!" Lady Dunmow cries crossly as they enter Grace's pretty boudoir. "You spoiled it all by taking up that little beast!"

"He is so fond of Nip!" says Grace; and then, burying her pretty face in the nearest sofa-cushion, she begins to be "jolly" after a somewhat noisy and hysterical fashion.

* * * * * *

"You surely don't mean that beast to accompany us to Sylchester?"

"I certainly do!"—with a touch of defiance. "Hugh always takes him everywhere."

"Then I wish he had taken him to Norway. I am ashamed of walking about even Sylchester with that cur at my heels!"

"What a cad you are, Aggie—at heart, I mean!"

"Better a cad than a fool!"

Young Mrs. Bazelgette suddenly breaks into a peal of ripples laughter.

"Oh, really, aren't we too rude to each other?" she says gaily, and she imprints a kiss on the crown of Nip's rough head.

It is market-day in Sylchester. The town is crowded with vehicles.

The two ladies leave the carriage and proceed on foot from one shop to another, Nip, instead of following meekly "at heel," according to command, makes it his one subject to try to stop by the maddest of barking every cart that comes down the High Street.

"He is perfectly right: they ought to be had up for furious driving!" says Lady Dunmow approvingly.

Grace, however, does not hear the remark, for she has darted out into the roadway and seized Nip to save him from being run over by a butcher's cart; but, quick as her action is, as she turns, the wheel strikes her on the shoulder.

An hour later Grace, her dislocated shoulder having been attended to by the Doctor, recovers consciousness in the luxurious airiness of her own bedchamber at Deerfoot Court.

"Where is Nip?" are the first anxious words that leave her pale lips.

"In the hall—little beast!" answers Lady Dunmow viciously.

"Let me see him—see that he is all right before I die!"

"Die? Fiddle!" Lady Dunmow answers, laughing. "You have only put out your shoulder."

"Let me see Nip," says Grace, with feeble persistence.

So Nip, who has been receiving more kicks than kindness since the accident, is brought into Mrs. Bazelgette's presence.

"I am now going to telegraph to Hugh; and he will be back in less than a week, dear," Lady Dunmow whispers.

Grace starts up from her pillow, and then sinks back upon it with a moan.

"No, no—you shall not telegraph!" she cries, in an imploring tone. Then, glancing impatiently at the Doctor, she adds, "It—it might alarm him."

"Nonsense, dear—we must telegraph!" urges Lady Dunmow.

With her eyes Grace implores her sister to come nearer.

"You must not telegraph," she whispers almost wildly—"not unless I die! He would not care. Promise me, Aggie!"

Much against her will, Lady Dunmow gives the required promise.

"It is hard on me!" Lady Dunmow says fretfully a week later, when Grace is well enough to be laid on a couch in her dressing-room. "Here am I boxed up with a gouty husband and an utterly incapable sister. And you know, Gracie"—reproachfully—"that I never could abide sick folk!"

"Then go back to London!" Grace entreats, a faint flush rising to her cheeks. "Spinks is a first-class maid; she can do everything I need."

"Oh, yes, and be called a brute by everybody—my own husband included!" Lady Dunmow returns crossly. "Of course I can't leave you till Hugh comes back! When do you expect him?"

"I don't know in the least; he has not written for a week."

As she speaks, the door flies open, and Hugh, with Nip careering wildly at his heels, stalks in.

"What is this I hear about an accident?" he asks, glaring angrily at Lady Dunmow, as though holding her responsible for the affair.

"Oh, Hugh, don't be vexed! I am nearly well—indeed I am!" cries Grace, making an effort to rise from her pillows, which results in a faint.

Spinks is summoned, Hugh is peremptorily turned out of the room, and Grace is not allowed to see her husband again until they have both given their word of honor that they will be quiet and composed.

Then Hugh seats himself on a low chair by the head of the sofa and, taking one of his wife's soft white hands in his, pats it kindly.

"Poor little woman! How did it happen?" he asks.

"I—I am so sorry you come back!" falters Grace, though she does not look sorry—her eyes are radiant with an unwonted light.

"Sorry I came back?" echoes Hugh slowly; he does not drop her hand, but holds it limply.

"Yes—it is such a bore being ill!"—with a faint sigh. "I wanted to be quite strong again before your return."

"Why did they not telegraph?" says Hugh; and there is an angry look in his eyes.

"Aggie wished to telegraph, but I would not let her; there is no danger, you know"—with a slight raising of her pretty brows—"it would have been foolish to spoil your holiday."

Hugh regards her with a curious smile.

"Is it true that you were injured in saving Nip?" he asks.

A perfect flood of crimson rises to Grace's face and neck.

"Who told you that?" she demands, frowning.

"Every one I have spoken to, dearest."

"It was very foolish of me—sighing—"I acted upon impulse."

"And risked your life to save my dog."

"I—I knew you would not like to lose Nip."

"And what about losing my wife?"—so softly.

"I—I thought you could spare me better than Nip."

"Upon my word, you think me a nice kind of brute! Did it ever enter your pretty little head what an awful bore it would be have to go courting again?"—bending down his head until it rests on the pillow beside hers.

"Oh, I don't know! I think you took your courting pretty easily"—with a saucy smile.

"Much more easily than I am taking my married life. It is a rather a bore to find I have married a magnet. As soon as I set foot in Norway I felt you drawing me back; therefore I got no good out of my trip."

"But, Hugh dear"—with an appealing glance toward him—"I am sure I never even hinted that I wanted you."

"But you did—eh?"

"Per haps"—with a lingering stress on the last syllable.

"Well, there is no 'perhaps' about my wanting to be back. I no sooner landed than I found out there was something wanting; and it did not take me long to discover what that something was."

Grace heaves a sigh of intense satisfaction.

"Then you do care for me just a tiny bit?" she asks him naively.

"Indeed I don't!"—laughing. "I find I care for you very greatly. It is an awful bore!"

"I should imagine so—poor fellow!" cries Lady Dunmow, who has re-entered the room in time to hear his admission. "But, as I am positive that Grace does not share your silly infatuation, I cannot have her worried in her present weak condition!"

"All right," Hugh assents, rising from his seat with a foolish crest-fallen air.

"Kiss me, Hugh, before you go?" says Grace, looking up at him with love-lit eyes.

He kneels beside her and feels her soft white arms around his neck.

"I think Heaven for giving you back to me in safety," she murmurs.

"And I too thank Heaven for sparing your dear life," he whispers.

"Don't tease her! Er any more—I won't have it!" cries Lady Dunmow, with a stamp of the foot. "And—and, if you two mean to start spooning, I shall just pack my boxes and go!"

"No—don't! I know how awfully good you have been to my little wife!" cries Hugh, turning to her with a beaming smile.

"I haven't been good! I have been bored to death; but I have done my duty! I hate sick folk, as I was telling Grace when you came in. I shall leave you to attend to her now, and tell my maid to pack to once!"

"How the dickens have I offended her?" asks Hugh blankly, as Lady Dunmow sails out of the room.

"You have not offended her, dear, but—but I fear she is growing hard. Oh, Hugh, I am so glad that you are handsome and jolly, instead of old, ugly, and irritable! It must be very trying for Aggie!"

"Yes," Hugh assents, as he smiles proudly upon his pretty little wife—"she must find Dunmow an awful bore!"

"Phil."

BY T. R. L.

SHE had gone from the room to get a wrap for our drive, as I had told her it had turned quite cold; and she had looked back with a smile as she went away. She had a slight flush on her fair, proud face, too; with a deep sweet light in her violet eyes.

She was very calm and cold, this love of mine, Rene Snowden. But I loved her the more for that, in contrast to my own fire and restlessness. I hardly knew how I had won her. So many had tried and failed. She had always been indifferent and disdainful, but she was the one perfect woman in the world for me. No one else had read the pure, unsullied heart; the white, chill nature, that could glow to such warm tenderness beneath love's magic.

I was wandering about the room while I waited; for apparently she could not find a wrap at once. I drummed idly on the piano; I took a few turns up and down the room; and then verifying the old distich about "Satan and idle hands," I did an unpardonable thing—I read an open note lying on Rene's escritoire. I did it mechanically, on my word; and had read it before I realized my own impertinence. I had looked at it idly; a square, heavy sheet of ivory paper, written over with a dashing chirography; but I was brought to the vivid realities of life suddenly enough upon its perusal. It read thus,—

"Have I lost you, my Rene? Is all over between us now? And such a little while, since we made our vows to each other! Such a little while, since you were the snow to my fire—such a little while since we parted! And now, this usurper has come between us! How can I forgive you? And yet I must always love you. I will be with you on the fifteenth. Let me have you to myself for a little while; for a little while be all my own, as in the old days. You owe me this much. Your despairing,

PHIL."

I read it twice. I felt blind, dumb, choking. I walked to the door. I heard Rene's silken dress swishing on the stair. I heard her voice call in a tone of alarm: "Felix, what is it?" But I did not turn nor speak, but rushed out of the house.

It must have been an hour or two after, when I awoke to life and the world, and found myself driving madly along the roads outside of the town, with my brain on fire.

That night, I took the night-train, and spent a week rushing frantically from one place to another, never stopping even to sleep at any hôtel. All the time I was saying to myself: "How can a woman be so false?" I had been a slave. From the first moment I had met Rene Snowden, I had been bound hand and foot. She was a woman of the world—I was warned: beautiful and dazzling; and played with men's hearts as a child with toys. But I had not believed it. I had thought her "pure womanly." But now I woke from my delusion. What a fool I had been. I had thought—as I had she not told me, with that flush in her lily face, with that light in her sapphire eyes?—that no other man had kissed the scarlet, tender mouth; that no man had held her in his arms; that only for me had her heart awakened.

Fool! Did they not all say that? Were they not all, every daughter of Eve, faithless and contemptible? Had I wandered about the world all these years, to be beguiled at last by a Delilah, because her face was like a snow-flower, and the sunshine lay in her silken hair? But the proud tenderness—the reserved sweetness—the gracious calm! She had chosen her weapons well. This fair hauteur went farther with a man than all the wild abandon of a less practiced, less artful woman.

At last I came home. Weeks had passed. I was striving to get back into the old ways—to feel the old interests. But I was succeeding miserably. The morning after my return, as I was sauntering idly along, an elegant little turnout pulled up briskly to the curb, and a light, gay voice greeted me.

"Felix Hawthorne," it said, "are you coming to my party to-morrow night? You have been very rude, for you have not answered my invitation. No one has known anything about you. Where have you been? We have all wondered and conjectured in vain. You look a little under the weather. Is there anything an old friend can do for you?" And a frank hand was extended from the window, and the charming face looked, a little smiling, a little grave, into mine.

"I have been very busy," I said. "Some unexpected complications in business have called me away, and absorbed every moment of my time, for two or three weeks. I throw myself on your mercy, Mrs. Chanfrau, and if you will have such a worthless lounger I will drop in to morrow night."

"Felix, I don't more than half believe you. You don't look well," was the reply; and as the carriage drove away I saw the pretty, bright face watching me anxiously. "Dear little woman," I said to myself; "how kind you seem. oubtless you are as bad as the rest of them," I added, cynically, "if one but knew it."

I had not looked at my letters yet, and so had not read her invitation. Yes! I had looked at one. Rene had sent her servant with a little note, the very right "Phil's" letter had wrought such evil in me, and my servant brought it to me at once; but I had returned it unopened, and without a word.

Next night, a little before midnight, I sought Mrs. Chanfrau's house. Everything she did was perfect, in its way; and if society was ever agreeable, it was in her artistic rooms; beneath her smiles it put on its most honeyed look, and rounded off its phrases with an elaborateness that ought to have made one believe in them.

As I made my way to her, she came forward and put her hand on my arm.

"You do look so very grumpy, Felix," she said, "that I must introduce you at once to my new protege. If anything can brighten you up, it is she. Everyone is in raptures over her. But I warn you; my rose has thorns. Ah! here she is. Miss Everingham—Mr. Hawthorne; Felix, my new friend, Miss Everingham."

I saw a piquant face, like a poppy; dusk and rich; with flashing dark eyes; dark, smooth skin, and crimson lips. She was clad in sombre, barbaric draperies, and looked like some tropical bird, or bud, in her lithe, glowing beauty. I was prepared to be very amiable. But the smile with which she greeted me at first faded away as she caught my name, and she bowed frigidly and turned to her hostess, and way from me. Rosello looked surprised, but rattled on in her lively way. Miss Everingham answered all my remarks with icy monosyllables; and finally, when a blonde and insipid youth came to claim her for a dance, she left me without a word or look, but gave him a brilliant smile of welcome.

By-and-by I found myself in a quadrille, opposite Miss Everingham. She did not notice me. I might as well have been made of wood. It amused me, at last, to watch her studied neglect and scorn of me, her brightness for everyone else. Yet why did she treat me in this way? I had never heard her name in my life before. How, then, could I be guilty in any way towards her? One thing I noticed: Rene was not there. I had expected her, of course, as she and Rosello were dear friends. Once I heard some one say: "A party does not seem natural without Miss Snowden; it is like the play of 'Hamlet,' with Hamlet left out, don't you know.

"I have not seen her out, even for a drive, for a week or two. I wonder what new whim it is?"

The people had begun to go. I had stepped into the library, seeking Mrs. Chanfrau, to make my adieux, when I heard a voice I recognized.

"See if you can find my fan, please," it said. "I left it on the window cushions, in the music-room, I think. I will wait for you here."

The next instant, a young man brushed past me meekly, in search of the fan.

Half-hidden in a big chair, I saw Miss Everingham. I went over to her, and she looked up scornfully, and in displeased surprise. But I was determined to know the reason of her conduct.

"When a man is condemned to be hung, Miss Everingham," I said, coolly, "the judge always distinctly states the nature of his crime before administering the sentence. Have you any objections to letting me *know what I have done?*"

She looked at me a moment very steadily, even contemptuously, I am constrained to say.

"Mr. Hawthorne, when I tell you that I am Rene Snowden's cousin, and dearest friend, you can hardly ask for further information. The fact that no one but I will ever know of your baseness, is the reason that you will still be treated as a gentleman by the world at large."

Before I could reply, the young lady had swept from the room.

I passed a sleepless night. What could she mean? By morning she had reached a conclusion. I called myself weak and poor in spirit; but I would go to Rene. I would, at least, hear what she had to say.

The servant ushered me into the morning-room. It was untenanted. But I heard voices behind the curtains that concealed a little inner sanctuary, that was Rene's boudoir. As I stood, uncertain whether to go further, and cursing the stupidity of the servant who had not announced me, I heard Rene's voice. My heart, in spite of myself, leaped up at the sweet, weary tones.

"Phillys, darling," she was saying. "Papa has consented to go, so we need not be separated."

"I am so glad!" a fervent voice answered, that I recognized also. "But it isn't the old Rene—dear, can't you forget?"

I did not wait to hear Rene's answer. Something within me compelled me to push back the portiere, and I found myself in the presence of Rene and Miss Everingham.

The latter looked up at me, perfectly mutinous. She stepped back with a gesture of aversion, and stood at Rene's side as if to protect her friend.

Rene herself started and turned pale as she saw me, and drew herself up coldly.

"Mr. Hawthorne," she said, icily, "you were unannounced. I suppose you wish to see papa?

"I wish no one in the world but you, Rene," I cried, the scales seeming suddenly to fall from my eyes. "I have been the most miserable wretch on the face of the earth. I could not live longer without you, and came this morning to hear your extenuation—and tell mine. I have been an arrant fool, perhaps worse: for I have doubted your truth." She gave another quick start. "But I love you—I have always loved you—I will love you until I die. And I ask you to forgive the wrong I feel I must have done you; for, looking upon you now, in the face of everything, I know you to be high and pure."

Her face had grown whiter and whiter, and her great sweet eyes looking at me wistfully. Miss Everingham stood by her but a little in advance, and was facing me with mutinous dark eyes.

Before Rene could speak, her friend broke forth scornfully—

"You think you can abuse and wrong the tenderest, purest heart that ever beat," she said, "and then come, in your own sweet time, and be forgiven? How dare you? What right have you to be pardoned?"

"Hush, Phil!"

It was Rene's low, even voice that thus broke in upon the other's passionate anger.

A light all at once flashed upon me, at that word "Phil."

"Listen to me, Rene," I cried, breathlessly. "The morning that I waited for you, the last time I was here, I wandered around, and finally committed the unpardonable offence of reading a slip of paper on your desk—a page, filled with despairing and passionate love, signed 'Phil.'"

Miss Everingham started violently, and then stepped towards me with an eager gesture. But I continued, passionately—

"I had set you up so high in my soul, Rene, that this blow crushed me. The whole world was changed to me, and I believed you false. But I came here this morning, willing to believe you all that I once believed——"

Suddenly a radiant, joyous voice broke in—

"I am Phil," it cried; "Rene always said I would get myself in trouble with my theatrical notes, in the days we had sworn eternal maidenhood and fealty to each other. Why don't you speak, Rene? You won't let him go now dear? He has loved you all the time—and what if you had read a note like that, written to Mr. Hawthorne, and signed 'Maud'—would not you have been cruelly hurt?"

But the curtains had fallen behind Miss Phillys Everingham, as she swept into the other room, and Rene and I were alone in the boudoir. Rene was in my arms.

SAVED FROM OBLIVION.

SOME remarkable cases in which the possessors of treasures worth huge sums have had that knowledge brought to them in quite unexpected fashion.

A poor stall keeper, being unable to pay the arrears in her rent, was sold by the landlord, and seemingly reduced to a state of beggary.

She was much agitated when a portrait, blackened with the dirt of years, was put up for sale. Eighteen pence was bid for the apparently unattractive canvas: then a critic, who desired the old and time-stained picture, ventured a guinea, thus thinking the first bidder would be hushed into silence.

Twenty five guineas was immediately bid by his opponent, but the critic, determined not to be outdone, ran the price up, until it was finally knocked down to him for the magnificent sum of six hundred guineas; whereupon the first venturer, with a sigh, as one who has missed the chance of a lifetime, exclaimed: "You are happy, sir, in being richer than I am, for I would gladly have given a thousand guineas for it had I possessed that sum."

It was an original of Raphael, but how the woman had come in possession was never really determined; she said it had been in the family for years.

This unexpected fortune set the poor woman on her feet, besides enabling her to bank what was to her a handsome sum against a rainy day.

Another case in which the owner of a seemingly worthless article was lifted from the encumbrances of poverty was that of a young fellow, who, owing to bad trade, was compelled to give up his avocation, and beg for a livelihood, until something feasible was obtainable.

One day he was wrapping up his little all on the doorstep of his home, previous to leaving the neighborhood, when a stranger passed and asked to examine the small skin, which was being rolled up together with one or two articles af apparel.

He scrutinised it thoroughly, and his verdict was a satisfactory one, for he proffered $250 for the square of fur, which was barely sufficient material for the front of a vest. The young man was invited to accompany the gentleman to his home, to give an account of how it had come in his possession, and other particulars.

His story was simple enough. His mother was a Russian, her ancestors having belonged to a proud and aristocratic family; the skin was formerly their property, and was the only possession brought by his mother to her English home. That was all he knew concerning it; he was unaware of its value, and had simply preserved it out of respect for his dead parent; being no less agreeably surprised however, to be told that it was the skin of the rare sea-otter, and that a specimen of such fine quality was rarely seen out of Russia, the inferior specimens only coming into the retail trade of other countries, while the most perfect and costly ones were passed as heirlooms from generation to generation.

Touched by the story of his poverty, the gentleman offered the unemployed youth work as handyman about his grounds, and presented him with a sum of money far in advance of his original offer.

This good Samaritan had a collection of furs of many thousand dollars' worth.

Some old houses—the property of a struggling country tradesman—were once saved from the hammer by the timely purchase of an ancient mantelpiece in one of the cottages. How so elaborate a fitting had found a place in this humble domicile was beyond the conjecture of the owner; but, as the buildings were extremely old, it had probably been fixed temporarily by the builders and never afterwards removed.

So little store was set by it—its size being such as to be cumbersome in the limited apartments of an inferior dwelling—that the tradesman had been on the point of pulling it out, and having it broken up, replacing it by one of the modern contrivances.

Fortunately for him this intention had not been carried out, for its sale to an antiquarian realized more than sufficient to clear the owner from the claims of his creditors.

This piece of workmanship, which would gladly have been exchanged for a modern range and fittings, was most elaborately carved in Scriptural designs, the work being pronounced by the delighted purchaser to be faultless in execution. It was reported that it was almost immediately sold afterwards to a gentleman of artistic tastes for a considerable sum, and was accorded the place of honor in a room crowded with valuable art ornaments and priceless antique furniture of rare design.

A tiny blue-and-white vase, containing a homely bunch of wallflowers, placed in a cottage window in an out-of-the-way Yorkshire village attracted the attention of a collector on one occasion.

He begged admittance to the cottage, and, after examining the article, asked for what the woman was willing to part with it. She was undecided about it, but did not think it dear at a shilling, nor was she aware how it had come in their possession, only that it had belonged to her husband years before they were married. The collector gave her two sovereigns for it, its value, as he afterwards discovered, being over thirty guineas; for it was reported to be a good specimen of Wedgewood ware.

A family, pressed for money, offered a trunk of old books, at the suggestion of one of their relatives, who had heard of exorbitant prices being given for rare editions of old works.

Extremely gratified were they to learn that the chest, which for long had been consigned to the oblivion of the lumber room as a nuisance, contained at least one valuable work, while many of the others realized quite respectable sums.

The books had belonged to an ancestor, whose original collection had taken years of time and thousands of pounds to bring to the state of perfection in which the heirs divided it amongst them, the lumber-chest being the sole remains of a once highly-valued and carefully-selected library.

A BEAUTIFUL young lady was walking round a suburban garden one evening, arm-in-arm with a young man, into whose eyes she sweetly smiled. "It's a lovely evening," said the fair one. "Yes," replied her attendant. They were silent and walked on. "It was a lovely evening yesday," said the beautiful girl, as they came round again. "Yes," meekly answered the young man, evidently at a loss what to say. They came round a third time, and it was his turn now. "I hope it will be a lovely evening to morrow," said he. "So do I," said she.

Dandruff forms when the glands of the skin are weakened, and it neglect[ed] ness is sure to follow. Hall's Hair Renewer is the best preventive.

At Home and Abroad.

According to recent statistics, there are about 2,000 women practicing medicine in America, of whom 150 are homœopathists. The majority are ordinary practitioners, but among the remainder are 70 hospital physicians or surgeons, 95 professors in the schools, 610 specialists for the diseases of women, 65 orthopædists, 40 oculists and aurists, and finally 30 electro therapeutists.

In Russia a child ten years of age cannot go away from home to school without a passport. Nor can common servants and peasants go away from where they live without one. A gentleman residing in Moscow or St. Petersburg cannot receive the visit of a friend who remains many hours without notifying the police. The porters of all houses are compelled to make returns of the arrival and departure of strangers; and for every one of the above passports a charge is made of some kind.

The death, at the age of 90, of the "Silent Man," in a New Jersey town, brings out little incidents worthy to be woven into a story. Mr. Page would not talk: He had nothing to say, and did not care to waste his breath saying nothing. He lived alone, sold papers and saved his money; but his meek spirit answered to a great challenge once. It was proposed that there should be a new bell for the Presbyterian Church in Rahway. A rich and presumably stingy citizen laughingly said he "would give as much as old Page." The Silent Man rose to the occasion. He sent his check for $300 for the bell fund.

A hotel in Chicago is so heavily charged with electricity that the guests cannot move around without getting a shock which is often painful. It is so bad that when one walks across the room a spark will leap over a space of two inches. The guests have had some funny experiences. One man came near getting a gash cut in his face when he went to get shaved, because he was so startled by a spark from the razer. Then another man thought he had stepped on needles when he got into a bathtub. This peculiar condition of the building puzzles the electricians and some think the whole house will have to be overhauled and revised.

The wisdom of the Atlanta Exposition management in providing amply for a special exhibit of the industrial progress of the negroes of the South is abundantly justified by the enterprising spirit with which these people have taken hold of the matter. They are to have a special building, the construction of which has been awarded to negro contractors on competitive bids, and the entire management of the exhibit will be in the hands of representative negroes, organized into an authoritative Board of Control. Prominent and trustworthy members of the race have been appointed in every State to collect and forward exhibits.

There is a band of thieves in Naples who frequent the underground sewers, and here their way into shops for the purpose of robbery. One morning recently a leather dealer, on unlocking his warehouse, found a large hole in the floor and skins and money gone to the value of three thousand francs. He called the police, and several of them, together with some sewermen, penetrated into the dark vaults with a lantern. They had not gone far when they discovered a man, and called to him to stop. But with a cry of "Madonna! Do not kill me!" the man fled along the sewer, the police after him. They followed him for at least a mile, passing under three or four streets, but without success. The police are now watching the sewers like cats, but there are many escape holes.

The Rev. John Hazen Waite, of Faribault, Minn., who has just been elected Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Indiana, has had a varied experience, having been for sixteen years a rector, and for many connected with the Seabury Divinity School, in the Diocese of Minnesota. He is about fifty years of age, of strong physique, and distinguished for his energy and capacity for affairs. He is said to be unusually effective as a preacher. Those who know him say that he is exceptionally qualified for the office of bishop; that he is not only essentially spiritual, but that he has the practical administrative qualifications which are most essential in the episcopate. He graduated at Dartmouth College, and was the General Theological Seminary, of this city.

Our Young Folks.

THE SWORD FISH.

BY M. O.

ALWAYS keep a sharp look-out at sea. When the weather is fine, the water smooth, and the sun shining, there is nothing nicer than a stroll about the deck of a well-fitted steamer; and if you have an observant eye, you may often be amused and interested by the movements of porpoises, fishes, and birds during your leisurely walk up and down the floor.

"There she blows, miss," said the first officer of a ship, calling a little girl's attention to a whale that seemed to be sporting about, some half mile away. "It looks as if she were trying to run us a race."

The news of a whale in sight went rapidly around, and soon the passengers and some of the crew lined the vessel's side, watching the animal.

"Skipper," said a man to the captain, "that whale's in trouble. Take my glass and have a look."

In a couple of minutes the captain returned the glass, with the remark that the whale was being worried to death by a gang of Sword fishes and Thresher Sharks. And then he gave orders that the steamer was to be steered in the direction of the animals, so that all aboard might witness the singular scene.

It was indeed now quite evident that the whale was making frantic efforts to escape from something; but from what could not yet be clearly made out. The great creature was seen to be spouting, and then diving with a huge bound forwards. And even as it disappeared there rose above the water a few long, sharp fins, that quivered for a few moments and then suddenly disappeared from view.

By-and-by the whale once more came to the surface to breathe, and immediately afterwards another animal leaped clean out of the waves, trying to catch hold of its big victim. By a quick turning action, however, the whale cheated its pursuer and made off again. From its other foes below flight was not so easy. Plainly they were numerous, as the uncertain movements of the whale, now to right, now to left, showed.

"Won't last much longer," said the captain, as the steamer was rapidly leaving the combatants behind. "It's tiring now; and had we time to cruise around, you would see her spouting blood—a sure sign the end is near. As it is, these wretches have probably gored her sides and torn lumps of blubber from her body."

"Not so bad as that, surely, captain?" quivered a passenger, with a look of disgust on his face.

"Every bit," was the ready answer. "Why, man, the sword of some of these fishes is more than three feet long. Imagine four or five of these creatures driving their daggers into a terror-stricken whale, while all the time the sharks are leaping about and tossing it, and you may take my word for it the miserable object of their attack is having a cruel time. Always reminds me of what I've read of the Highlanders with their bayonets at Cawnpore, when they had their first and only chance of meeting the villains who took part in the Indian Mutiny. Have you ever seen a Sword-fish?" he asked abruptly.

"I think there's a stuffed one in our museum," was the answer. "If not, I'm sure there's a specimen of the 'sword.'"

"Well, then," said the skipper, "you know, doubtless, that the 'sword' is merely the upper jaw enormously prolonged. But don't go away with the notion that it will bend, like the weapons that were supplied to the British soldiers to fight the fuzzy-wuzzy Arabs with in the Soudan. Break they sometimes will and do; but bend never."

"Break! Is that so?" was the natural question.

"Oh yes," quoth the captain. "The Sword-fish occasionally makes a mistake. It's all very fine to gash an unfortunate whale, but when the creature gives way to blind rage and goes for a vessel as if it were a blubbery mass, it has had to leave its 'sword' behind as the price of life and liberty. Such a case actually occurred on my last boat. Here, Jack," he called out to one of the sailor, "go to my cabin and fetch the timbers."

Presently the man appeared, lugging a lump of wood, or what looked like two pieces of joined together with a big skewer.

"That," said the captain, as he placed the article in front of him on the deck—"that will help you realize what that poor whale must have suffered. You see that both skins of the ship's timbers have been pierced by the dagger. Think of the force the furious fish must have used to penetrate such hard wood. In this case I have hoped that the shock of the collision stunned, if it did not kill the owner outright. I can only say I hoped so, for it was not till we reached the harbor and docked the steamer for repairs that we discovered the injury. By that time, of course, the body of the fish was gone. If it were alive, it must have wrenched itself free. If it had been killed, some of its finny fellows probably helped themselves to a cheap meal, as our ship steamed along, until they had eaten it up. Then I had the wood cut out as you see it, 'sword' and all, and have kept it as a really rare curiosity."

The passengers examined the object with great interest, and the children on board never ceased to ply the captain with questions. He was very good-natured, as sea captains generally are, but seemed unusually pleased when the dinner bell rang.

And what of the Sword-fish's chums? There's not much to say—a shark's a shark and there's an end on't. But why is this shark called by some the Fox Shark and by others the Thresher? Well, it's all on account of its terrible tail. The upper portion of this fin is very long—as long nearly as the body of the fish, stiff and pointed. The naturalist who first described it had a lively imagination, and thinking that the tail bore some resemblance to the brush of Master Reynard, he forthwith named the animal the Fox Shark. And it got its other name from its habit of threshing the water with this same tail.

Though not so fierce, so utterly savage as other sharks—the Blue Shark, for instance—the Thresher is held in great respect by fishes. One flash of that tail will put to flight a whole herd of dolphins—which, however, are not fishes, but whales. The strangest thing about the Threshers is that they combine with the Sword-fishes to attack even the largest of the whales. They are just like a band of bullies. By themselves they could do no harm, but, as we have seen, by joining their forces they become opponents as powerful as they are dreaded. It is an excellent illustration drawn from the deep of the old saying that "Union is strength," or, as it has been otherwise expressed, "United, we stand; divided, we fall."

But the worst tyrant of all of these sea monarchs is the Killer Whale, or Orca—also not a fish, as its name shows. It is just as cruel in the northern seas as the sharks are in the warmer waters. Indeed, if a battle-royal could be arranged between these two sets of monsters, and if each could eat the other up, Kilkenny cat wise, what rejoicings there would be amongst all the other dwellers in the sea! and not amongst them only, but amongst all that go down to the sea in ships.

Seals, porpoises, the biggest of the big whales—the sperm and the whalebone—fishes innumerable, and even the walruses, with their powerful tusks, "cut and run" from the Orca. They jump out of the water in their terror, or actually strand themselves in shallow water, if thereby they may be enabled to escape from these brutes.

The Killer's gluttony is too disgusting. Although they are big creatures, ranging from eighteen to thirty feet and stout in proportion, they set no limit to their appetite. From one that choked itself in trying to swallow a fifteenth seal, thirteen porpoises were taken out, besides the other fourteen seals.

Their ferocity cows every animal. They will kill whale cubs, and then devour the mother. They prowl about the sealing-grounds to pick off all the young ones. Their mode of catching the walrus cubs is ingenuity itself. As soon as the cub scents danger, it mounts on its mother's back for refuge. But does the Orca care? Not a pin. Diving suddenly, it comes up below the mother with a tremendous thwack; the poor little cub loses its balance and falls into the water, when it is snatched up before Mamma Morse quite knows where she is.

This swiftly-swimming ruffian has been styled the Sea-wolf, but that is a poor name for it; for although it "runs" its prey down, it does not hunt in large packs, preferring to go about in small squads; nor when by itself is it the coward that the single wolf is. Being a merciless creature, born to slay for the sake of slaughter, it is better to call it by the frank title of the Killer Whale.

THEY KEPT UP WITH THE TRAIN.—Not long ago the passengers in the Santa Fe train from Topeka to Pueblo witnessed a rare and pretty scene. At a point of the road they fell in with a band of eight antelopes, which immediately began to race the train. For a dozen miles or so the railroad and the river Arkansas ran side by side, and along this course antelopes and train flew as if for dear life. Though the engine put on full steam, it could make no headway against the fleet deer. Many of the passengers came out on to the platforms and, with quite revolting cruelty, fired at the animals with their revolvers, but fortunately failed to hit any of them. The race lasted till a bend southwards in the river's path was reached, when the antelopes kept to the Arkansas, while westwards to the Rocky Mountains the train held its way. As was both right and proper, this noble contest ended in a dead-heat.

A KISS.—What is the meaning of a kiss? Simply a salutation. Kisses have been compared to grains of gold or silver found upon the ground, of no value in themselves, but precious as showing that a mine is near. They may also indicate danger, or the proximity of a pitfall. There is the kiss of welcome and of parting, the stolen or the mutual, the kiss of friendship, of treachery, of love, of joy, of sorrow, of promise. In Coriolanus we hear of a kiss long as the speaker's exile, sweet as his revenge. One of the characters of a writer later than Shakspere counsels—

"Kiss the tear from her lips; you'll find the rose,
The sweeter for the dew."

This we may term the kiss sympathetic. "A kiss from my mother made me a painter," confesses Benjamin West. Could maternal love give anything more encouraging? And what more indicative of the wane of passion than this from Otway—

"He scarce afforded me one kind parting word,
But went away so cold, the kiss he gave me
Seemed the forced compliment of sated love."

In early times the nuptial salute was enjoined by the Church in the York Missal and the Sarum Manual. Kissing was common among men, as it now is on the Continent, in the time of Charles the Second. This is made apparent by all the comedies of that age. Again, a kiss was was "anciently the established *fee* of a lady's partner."

"I were unmannerly to take you out
And not to kiss you,"

says the Prince in Henry the Eighth. Doubtless all this will meet all correspondent inquiry; so, like the fiddlers, who, when they thought their young couples had had music enough, squeaked out two notes which all understood to say "Kiss 'em!" we conclude with two notes osculatory that are worth bearing in mind. It is the passion that is in a kiss that gives to it its sweetness; it is the affection in a kiss that sanctifies it.

VERY ECCENTRIC.—"We sometimes receive extraordinary suggestions for fancy-ball costumes," said one of the best-known costumiers in London; "and although it is to our interest to encourage originality, we often have to dissuade people from wearing certain dresses.

"The wife of a widely-known wine merchant and money-lender actually proposed to go to one of the Covent Garden balls in a costume made up of dishonored and unpaid bills held by her husband. For one of the best-known comedians in England we did actually make up a dress consisting of bills, writs, summonses, notices of distraint, and so on, the head-dress being a model of Holloway Gaol. A sporting nobleman proposed a costume which would make him look like a huge salmon, with fish-hooks stuck all over him, his facetious idea being to get these latter entangled with as many people as possible.

"Another gentleman wanted to have hundreds of scent squirts, which he could use one by one, sticking out all over him like porcupine quills, with a miniature scent fountain on his head. Ghastly and unpleasant suggestions are not at all uncommon, as in the case of a man who wanted to be converted into an animated tombstone, with his own head at the top made up as a death's head. I will show you some of the suggestions for this season. Here is one for 'Neptune'—real barnacles stuck over a fish-skin dress, seaweed hair and beard, crab-claw hands, and so on. Last season there was a great run on Lobengula, the Matabele king; this year it will be the turn of Li Hung Chang or the Mikado. Newspaper items are closely followed by many people in the matter of fancy dress."

You cannot deny facts, and it is a fact that Salvation Oil is the greatest pain-cure. 25c.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Over 250,000 people work all night in London.

Nearly all of the world's supply of opium comes from India.

Some Missourians are going to Mexico to raise coffee on a plantation they have bought.

Watches were originally made in shapes to imitate pears, gourds, acorns and birds' skulls.

The Italians have a proverb which says that where the sun does not enter the doctor does.

A German statistician has figured it all out that Monday, not Friday, is the real unlucky day.

French railway companies are contemplating the substitution of the telephone for the telegraph.

The new Governor of South Carolina is 31, his Attorney General is 25, and his Adjutant General is 24.

An ingenious clockmaker has recently invented an instrument which "will go ten years without winding."

The skins of a thousand Russian mice formed the coat worn by a Russian emigrant who landed in New York.

A negro preacher in Oklahoma was killed recently by his pistol dropping out of his hip pocket and exploding.

If America were as densely populated as Europe it would contain as many people as there are in the world at the present time.

Rubber heels are to be attached to the shoes worn by French soldiers. It is claimed that they decrease the fatigue of marching.

Lettuce was eaten by the ancients at close of meals, as, from its cooling quality, it was considered an antidote to the heating effects of wine.

That which is popularly known as the funny bone, at the point of the elbow, is in reality not bone at all, but a nerve that lies near the surface.

The honey bee is supplied with a pair of compound eyes with hundreds of facets, each capable of sight by itself, as well as several simple eyes.

In certain parts of Hungary it is the custom for the groom to give the bride a kick after the wedding ceremony, in order to make her feel her subjection.

The Presbyterian Church in Pennsylvania numbers 191,000 communicants, 200,000 Sunday-school scholars and 1170 ministers. The churches must be about 11,000, and gave last year $1,000,000.

Scores of Quaker families in Southern Pennsylvania have preserved the marriage certificates of their ancestors for many generations, signed, as is the Quaker custom, by all the guests at the ceremony.

Exquisite is the glass known as fabrile, which is white, yet holding, as does the opal, wonderful changes of light and tint. Table articles are presented in it—finger bowls, tumblers, wine and cordial glasses, etc.

In the manufactures of Great Britain alone the power which steam exerts is estimated to be equal to the manual labor of 4,000,000,000 of men, or more than double the number of males supposed to inhabit the globe.

Chief of Police Raymond, of Worcester, has warned tobacconists, druggists and all others distributing coupon tickets announcing drawings of prizes, that, unless they cease using such methods of attracting business, criminal proceedings will be instituted against them.

It is said that a well-known New Jersey sportsman was shooting down Mad Horse creek the other day, but didn't find any game until he got near home, when he found the fish called jumping mullets jumping out of the water all around him. He shot enough of them to fill a bushel basket.

Sedentary occupations predispose to tuberculosis more than any others. Italian and English statistics show that there are 459 deaths per 1000 from this disease among the students, seminarians and young clergymen; while farmers, boatmen and mountaineers enjoy almost complete immunity from it.

Gottlieb von Kiekenberg, a South African Boer, has two racing ostriches. One of them has developed a speed of 22 miles an hour and has a stride of 15 feet. The breeding of ostriches for racing purposes has been seriously interfered with by the passage of an anti-betting law by the English Government.

A very likely story is told in an exchange of a lady whose husband had a very small foot, of which he was extremely proud. She encouraged his vanity, so that every time he bought tighter and tighter shoes. It was excruciating pain to go about in them, but he would not confess it. However, when he reached home in the evening his slippers were such a welcome relief that it was a difficult matter to induce him to go out after dinner. From a club man he became noted for his domestic habits. His wife smiled, but said nothing.

Disagreeable sensations resulting from cough vanish before Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

A PASSING SHOWER.

BY A. A.

The sun came back in a streak of light
That fell on the hills across the sea,
Till the dark west coast in the rays grew bright,
And the mist swept past it and left it free.

We saw dim hills and a distant land
Beyond the sea with its vapors pale;
Then the mountains arose, more darkly grand,
As they loomed through the mist's uplifting veil.

The sunlight swept from the mountain's crown,
To waves that tossed at its feet below;
While the shafts of light through the mists struck down,
And the world awoke in a golden glow.

OF HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES.

Pitchers, or vessels thus named, have been used in almost every country. They are often named in the Bible, a notable instance being that of Gideon and his band, who took pitchers and thus frightened the enemy, though the vessels thus named correspond to our jars. The Roman pitchers were really vases. Two-handled pitchers, for water, were in use among the Saxons, Germans and French in the sixth century. The amphoræ of the Romans bore a distinct resemblance to our pitchers. They were provided with one or two handles, were of different sizes, from a capacity of two gallons to that of twenty, and the bottom was pointed, so that they might stand upright in the sand of the cellar.

The ancients slept on the floor or on a divan covered with skins. During the Middle Ages beds were made of rushes, heather or straw. It is believed that feather beds were known to the Romans, since a mention in one of the poets of men so luxurious that they slept on feathers is supposed to refer to this kind of bed. Heliogabalus had an air cushion and also an air mattress, 218 or 222 A. D. Feather beds were employed by the better classes in England during the days of Henry VII., though they were considered luxurios and were expensive.

The bedsteads of the Egyptians, Romans and Greeks closely resembled our couches. The Russian peasants place their beds on top of the family oven for the sake of the warmth given forth by the fire. To the present day bedsteads in Holland and some parts of Germany are fitted up with two feather beds, on one of which the sleeper lies, while the other is used for covering.

Stoves are thought to have been used by the Romans. They were of brick, closely resembling the Dutch earthenware stoves, which give forth heat, but conceal the fire. Antiquarians say that Roman rooms were sometimes heated by building a fire in a large iron or earthenware tube in the middle of a room. Modern stoves were patented in 1821, and since that date over 1,000 patents have been taken out on different varieties of stoves and ranges in America, and an almost equal number have been issued in Great Britain.

Tongs were said to have been invented in China, B. C. 1122, but representations of them have been found on the Egyptian monuments, B. C. 2200. In India they are claimed as in use since B. C. 900, and their principal employment in that country, where fires during the most of the year are superfluous, was to facilitate the handling of dead bodies in the funeral pyres. Seventy pairs of tongs, some bronze, some iron, have been taken from the ruins of Pompeii.

Individual plates for table use were unknown to the ancients, who held their meat in their hands or employed the flat wheaten cakes then made on which to hold their victuals. They are first mentioned in A. D. 600 as used by the luxurious on the Continent, and in the ninth century they had come into common use both in England and on the Continent. They were made of wood or some kind of earthenware, the former material being preferred because it did not dull the knives.

The cups of the Assyrians closely resemble our saucers. Every nobleman and gentleman had his own cup and cup bearer, the latter of whom always accompanied him to a feast, carrying before him the cup of gold, silver, crystal or marble, which his master only used on state occasions. Saucers for cups were introduced in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and at first were greatly ridiculed, the persons who employed them being said not to be able to drink without having two cups.

Coffee pots are an Oriental invention, and are supposed to have come from Arabia in A. D. 1400. About the same time they were used in Persia, but they did not come to France until 1602, and made their appearance in England with coffee in 1650.

Rocking chairs of the style prevailing nowadays are believed to have been invented in the present century. They are mentioned by Venerable Bede. "The women now are so luxurious that they do have chairs with wooden circles on the legs and which sway back and forth in such sort that it maketh one sick to behold them."

Chairs were in use in Egypt as long ago as 3300 B. C. The Chinese employed them from about 1300 B. C. In India they were used, and are mentioned as dating from 1100 B. C. House chairs with backs were in use in Indian A. D. 300. They are known to have been employed in Rome as early as A. D. 70, being mentioned by Pliny at that date. Chairs with footrests were used in Rome A. D. 150.

Goblets with stems and stands like those we use to-day were employed in Troy 900 B. C. Among the valuable objects found by Dr. Scnliemann was a golden goblet. Vessels of this metal were commonly employed in the service of the temples. A curious goblet with three stems has been found at Pompeii. Its use is conjectural, but the supposition is that it was used to pour libations to the gods.

Saltcellars first came into use in mediæval times; there was only one on the table, and it held from two to three quarts. The salt was placed about the middle of the table's length. At the upper end sat the lord of the castle or palace and his intimates, and the saltcellar marked the dividing line between the associates of the nobleman and dependents, so that to "sit below the salt" meant social inferiority.

Among the Arabs a practice from time immemorial has prevailed of churning by placing the milk in leather skins which were shaken or beaten until the butter came.

Grains of Gold.

Self-respect—that corner-stone of all virtue.

Happiness is never found by those who seek it on the run.

Gratitude can sing songs of praise with an empty pocket.

No man ever sinned in deed who did not first sin in thought.

The man who can hold his tongue can keep the devil behind him.

A running tongue can soon do more damage than a runaway horse.

Nothing can convince a lazy man that he is not the victim of bad luck.

Many people delude themselves into thinking that laziness is poor health.

Even a tender conscience may be toughened until it will stretch like rubber.

The man who suffers for doing right does something that angels would like to do.

Our prayer for more talents will not be heard unless we improve the ones we have.

An angel would be unfit for heaven if he had to think the thoughts of a wicked man for an hour.

Experience is a jewel, and it hath need to be so, for it is often purchased at an infinite rate.

The world is but a magnificent building; all the stones are gradually cemented together. No one subsists by himself alone.

What man in his right mind would conspire his own hurt? Men are beside themselves when they transgress against their own convictions.

Femininities.

A Chicago woman is the proud owner of a parrot that speaks both English and German.

Dean Hole is the authority for the opinion given in his latest book that for one silly young woman there are fifty silly young men.

Question for a debating society: Which is the most delightful, "To kiss a fair woman on a dark night, or a dark woman on a fair night?"

Natural violets depending in waterfall bouquets from their sable muffs were the finishing costume touches of the six bridesmaids at a recent wedding.

Mother: "Charley, you come right in the house. The idea of your slopping around in that snow and mud with those nice rubber boots that Santa Claus gave you!"

Mrs. Lucy Green, who was wandering around Frankfort, Ky., in rags recently, was taken to the poorhouse there. When she was searched $332 85 was found in her possession.

Mrs. Catharine Conklin, 37 years old, who lives in the mountains near Huguenot, N. Y., since the death of her husband three years ago has supported herself and child by cutting cord wood.

Mrs. Jane Evans, of Kent, O., separated from her husband twelve years ago. He went West and married another woman, who has since died. Now his first wife has gone West and married him again.

"She is very well informed," said the young man. "Yes," replied the girl who has not many friends; "there is one subject upon which her information is absolutely unrivaled." "What is that?" "Her age."

Julia Going, of Pine Ridge Agency, has been jilted by her lover. She wants damages, but is not unreasonable. She offers to call it square and bring no breach of promise suit if he will give her a $300 horse which he owns.

Those who may have hitherto believed that the vanity of the female sex was invincible should make a note of the fact that only one member of the Colorado Legislature has refused to be photographed in a group, and that member, alas, was a woman!

From Australia comes news of a very charming fashion. Grapes, artistically grouped in dainty baskets wreathed in vine leaves, are handed round by way of refreshment, and the dissipation goes by the name of a "grape tea." Strawberry and cherry teas will soon be in season, and the idea might be indefinitely varied.

The annual report of the New York Exchange for Women's Work shows that last year it sold over $13,000 worth of home-made cakes, and that since 1878 the value of the cakes sold has been nearly $140,000. The exchange has thus far filled 73,962 orders for sewing, embroidery and fancy articles, and only 271 were "unsatisfactory."

A young Bath, Me., couple, New Year's eve at a company, joked each other on the fact that neither was wedded. The young man went home with the maiden, and proposed that if neither of them found any one he or she liked better during 1895 that they become engaged to each other next New Year's eve. She agreed, and the result is awaited with interest.

There is a girl named Marguerite Royenval at Thenelles, in the north of France, near Saint Quentin, who is reported to have been asleep for the past eleven years. Occasionally she has had hysterical cries, but did not awake after them. Other doctors have also agreed as to the genuineness of the phenomenon and the sleeping girl of Thenelles remains a human mystery.

"There is one thing that has preyed heavily on my mind ever since we were engaged, and I am almost afraid to tell you about it," he said, nervously. "What is it, Charlie? Speak out!" "I am a somnambulist." "Oh, is that all?" she exclaimed, with a sigh of relief; "I have always been a Universalist myself, but, of course, when we are made one I shall expect to attend your church."

It appears that in Japan one factor entering into the problem of the choice of a daughter in law is her skill in raising silkworms. The thread spun by the silkworm is said to be regular and even in proportion as the worm has been regularly and carefully fed. The prospective mother-in-law carefully and minutely examines the evenness of the silk thread in the material of the garments worn by the young lady before giving her assent to the betrothal.

Tadzu Suglye is the name of a Japanese young woman who has been studying in Wellesley College for three years, and who is now teaching in Osaka, in a Christian school for girls. "I teach," she says, "three classes in Chinese literature, two in English, one in the history of Japanese literature and one in botany. Besides, I have to correct the Japanese compositions produced from the classes and to give a lecture each week on the Japanese rhetoric. Added to all these, I have to give lessons in Yankee cookery. Though we are so busy in our daily work, we are yet bold enough to spend the rest of our time in editing a quarterly magazine, and we have just published the first number of this."

Masculinities.

The State Fish Commissioner of Connecticut has been fined for unlawfully netting trout.

Byron's first poems appeared at 19 At 24 he reached the highest pinnacle of his literary fame.

John Mihand, of Sabinal, Tex., aged ten years, was born with both ears closed; but he hears with his mouth.

James S. Peyton, recently pardoned from the Missouri Penitentiary, has had three dates set for his hanging.

The father of M. Faure, the new President of the French Republic, was a manufacturer of arm chairs.

The Chinese Emperor is small and delicate. He looks like a lad of 16 or 17, and speaks like a youth of that age.

A man in Thomaston, Me., has a hobby of collecting calendars, and he has some from China, Japan, Cuba and Alaska.

In China, if a man is not married by twenty he is drummed out of the town. No place for bachelors among the fun-funs.

There are two sciences which every man ought to learn—first, the science of speech, and, second, the more difficult one of silence.

Blobbs: "Do you think the average man is as stupid before he marries as he is afterward?" Cynicus: "Certainly, or he would not get married."

George Washington's private secretary, Isaac Andrews, lies buried just east of the old Baptist church in the village of Dundee, Yates county, N. Y.

The authorities of Stockton-on-Tees, England, will erect a statue to John Walker, a chemist of that town, who died in 1857, on the ground that he invented lucifer matches.

Tom Gallagher the hermit of St. Clemente island, in the Pacific, lives almost as lonely a life as Robinson Crusoe in a hut. Now and then a fisherman calls to get water.

Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, a Baptist clergyman of Atlanta, Ga., preached over a telephone wire on a recent Sunday to audiences in Atlanta and adjoining towns. The experiment is said to have been a success.

Mme. Felix Faure, the wife of the new President of France, is an accomplished musician. The entire family, indeed, including the President himself, are very musical, and are all more than average performers.

J. Scott Ellis, of Farmington, Me., who is 102 years old, was preparing to shave himself the other day when he fell and broke his hip. The old gentleman had not been obliged to call in a doctor before for 80 years.

If Jonathan Davis, of Pierpoint, Ashtabula, Ohio, should live until March 25, he will 102 years old. His father lived to the age of 105 years, and his grandfather to the 107 years. Mr. Davis is the oldest man in the country.

The death of Marshal Canrobert recalls the fact that it is to him that we owe the historic remark: "It is magnificent, but it is not war." The words were uttered as he watched the famous charge of the 81x Hundred at Balaklava.

As a Knox county man and his wife were passing the schoolhouse a flying snowball hit the wife of his bosom. He was enraged, and justly, and turning to the schoolboys, shaking his fist in anger, he cried: "It's lucky for you young rascals that you didn't hit me!"

Brown University has officially adopted academic gowns for its graduate students and the members of the faculty. The hood for a Doctor of Divinity is brown, lined with white; that for a Doctor of Laws is entirely brown. The exterior of all other hoods is black, and the interior brown, except, as noted, in the case of the D. D. hood.

Tobacco as consumed by great potentates is an interesting topic to the majority of men. The Emperor of Germany smokes cigarettes, the new Czar of Russia prefers a pipe, President Faure, of France, is a great consumer of strong cigars, the Sultan of Turkey alternates his cigarettes with a hookah, President Cleveland puffs a cigar after dinner, but smokes less frequently during the day than he used to.

A New York paper says that a citizen of that city has the sleeve buttons worn by President Lincoln on the night of his assassination, and another man treasures a piece of the waistcoat worn by the stricken President. The possessor of the latter relic was admitted to the wounded man soon after the shooting, and on coming out he found that he had brought with him the waistcoat, which had been given into his keeping. He cut it up and distributed fragments to the crowd.

A Paris doctor, who has been studying the effect of liquors on the voice, states that none of the great singers have ever been teetotalers. Wine taken in moderation, he believes, is useful for the voice, but beer thickens it and makes it guttural. Malibran used to drink Madeira and eat sardines; Garcia took a glorla, a cup of coffee with Cognac; Persiani nibbled an underdone chop; Dunnesnil drank six bottles of champagne before singing, and thought each bottle improved the strength and quality of his voice.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Among stylish plain costumes of the day is to be noted one in dark blue cr epon, the skirt with gored front width, large godets in the back, and adjusted to the bodice without a belt. This skirt may be finished without garniture or the seams may be strapped with bands of Persian lilac velve t embroidered with a vine design in jets.

The corsage is close fitting in back and without seams, the front being full at the shoulder and waist and having a straight vest formed by a box plait of lilac velvet. A large vandyked collet of the Persian lilac velvet, bordered with a vine design in jets, terminates at the vest in front. This collet is very deep, the front vandykes falling to the belt line and the side ones to the centre of the puffed sleeves. The collar band is a plain band of the velvet, terminating in a point at the left side, and embroidered in jets. The sleeves are very ouffante, and have deep, close-fitting lower manches of the velvet, embroidered in jets.

The draped toque is in heartsease violet velvet, and is adorned with black wings and ostrich tips.

Amid the swarms of capes of all sorts and conditions of length and fullness and mixture of materials which are seen on the street every day and at every kind of a function, it is difficult to deduce any trustworthy opinions as to the styles which will prevail in the spring. But if we may anticipate the coming modes by judging of the present season it is safe to conclude that anything which can be designated by the name will be worn. Yet one authority on French fashions boldly asserts that there is to be a radical change in capes; that double and treble capes are going out altogether, and that in their place is to be a single cape reaching a little below the waist, with the godet folds brought out in some ingenious manner quite near the edge. A high collet accompanies this. These capes are made of velvet and trimmed with lines of jet radiating from the shoulders toward the bottom, or cloth with a fur collar and a bright lining. Perforated cloth, black over colored or black satin, is very pretty for this style of cape. There is an odd fashion of making draped revers a distinctive feature of capes and street coats, and these are often of velvet in violet green or dark red handsomely edged with fur on the plainest kind of a cloth garment. Or evening wraps of silk and satin the revers are made of pale tints of velvet and trimmed with lace.

Why will women with full faces and chubby throats persist in wearing the full rosette bows and tabs and flaring ends, to say nothing of the crush collars and ruchings now so popular? What with the over-puffed sleeves, elaborately trimmed bodices, hats crimped at right angles, and these variegated arrangements about the neck and ears, the middle aged woman with more than a suspicion of double chin bears a strong resemblance to a setting hen whose feathers have been ruffled from untimely interference. A symmetrical throat, one rounded like the base of a column, which supports a delicate oval face above looks well with outstanding bows and rosettes of chiffon, lace or ribbon, with masses of crape lisse and velvet crushed and crinkled about its circumference, but the chubby-faced girl and buxom matron (who doubtless look their best in decollete gowns) had best beware of all these fussy fixings and fripperies designed for house and reception toilets. By the way, does not all this exaggeration of ornament about the neck, this reaction after the plain Puritan collar so long in vogue, portend a return to the quadruple plaited ruches of the Elizabethan era, the kind one sees in pictures of the ruff-necked, martyred Mary of Scotland when dressed for her execution. The same elaboration and accentuation of the much-puffed sleeve prevailed then as now. If women accept the bows, rosettes and flutings, why not the high-standing, much-stiffened ruche? With the advent of the ruche era, the double-chinned dowagers will be lost indeed. But, then, a thing being the fashion is a much more potent argument for adopting it than its fitness or becomingness.

A simple waist to make at home for theatre wear and little informal card parties has a yoke of blue satin spangled with jet. From the yoke crepe de chine of the same color is fulled into a spangled satin belt. The sleeves are of crepe de chine shirred once above the elbow to form two puffs. Accordion plaited mousseline de soie headed by jet ribbon in the plaits makes a lovely waist for evening occasions, and it is no more difficult to sew on the beads than to do any other kind of fancy work. Lace, too, of various kinds is being used for waists and is more easily managed than any other thin material. Very successful chiffon waists are made by fulling the chiffon in at the neck and waist, and trimming over this with three bands of satin ribbon. The middle one starts at the throat and the other two go over the shoulders. China taffetas make pretty waists and a little touch of velvet at the neck and belt is the only trimming they require, and for those who cannot afford velvet there are the pretty velveteens which come in stripes and checks, and are so much worn for fancy waists. These should be box plaited, and a little lace for the collar is a pretty addition with three handsome buttons down the front. Lace set in between the front and side plaits, and the same in the back, is very effective.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Old Dresses.—When it comes to cotton goods, most housewives throw old clothes in the rag bag and then go and buy material to cover comforters. Take your old print and gingham dresses and rip them carefully apart—children's frocks, too—and then have everything washed and starched. See that they are all ironed and folded smoothly and will not muss when you get ready to work at them. Select three or four of the sets of pieces and tear them in strips of say four to six inches wide. Sew pieces of like kind together evenly till you have them the length of a comforter. Then sew the strips together in alternating stripes, sew on the machine and before you know it you have covers for a comforter. The better part of old pillow slips and sheets will answer nicely to go in these covers, or, if you like them darker, there are cotton dyes that are easily used. It is such an economical way to use every scrap of old wrappers and dress skirts. The thicker gingham kirts can often be best utilized in making kitchen aprons.

Match Holder.—A pretty and convenient match holder is made of two clay pipes, gilded, and a little, finely woven Chinese or Japanese basket set between them and tied in place by satin ribbons, finished by a pretty bow. Place in the basket a small glass to hold the matches, and hang up by satin ribbons attached to the under side of the basket. About two yards of ribbon will be required.

To Renovate Black Crape.—Take a piece of black crape and hold it out flat (not stretched flat) over a steaming copper or bowl of water. When it is steamed moist all over, roll it on to a round stick, such as a broom handle, taking care to lay it quite smooth, while not straining the figure. Then put the crape rolled thus into a warm room or near the fire, and let it lie for some hours till it feels crisp and dry. When the crape is in very small pieces the drying will be more easily done by pinning it out on cardboard than by rolling it on a stick. The better the quality of the crape the more successful will this treatment be.

A Delicious Salad.—Use for this salad three hard-boiled eggs, a cupful and a half of cheese, grated fine, one teaspoonful of mustard, one-tenth of a teaspoonful of cayenne, half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, two of vinegar and a cupful of cold chicken, chopped rather coarse. Rub the yolks of the eggs until a smooth paste is formed. Gradually add the oil, stirring all the while with a fork, then add all the seasoning. Mix the cheese and chicken lightly with this dressing and heap the mixture on a dish. Garnish with the whites of the eggs, cut in circles, and with a few white celery leaves or some sprigs of parsley. Serve with toasted crackers.

Welsh Rarebit.—For a party of four use about a half pound of good English cheese, have the toast ready. Into about a cup of ale cut up the cheese in small shavings and add just a pinch of mustard. Put on the fire and keep stirring with a tablespoon until thoroughly melted, then pour over the toast and serve two slices of toast to each person. Care must be taken to watch the moment the cheese is done or it will be stringy and unmanageable. For those who do not drink ale milk can be substituted equally well.

About Veal.—Veal will soon be in our markets in prime condition. Owing to the superior care now given to calves which are born in winter there is a great deal of excellent veal to be found in the market early in the spring. Farmers have learned how to house the young calves in warm barns, where the sun can shine on them. They feed and fatten them with systematic care, so that the meat attains to somewhat the same quality as the flesh of the animal that has the freedom of the spring fields and sunshine.

The great value of veal to the cook is not as a piece de resistance, like beef and mutton or even lamb, but as the foundation of many dainty small dishes. It is a necessity to the first-class cook in making stocks, both white and brown, for sauces of all kinds. The poorest parts of veal may be utilized in some delicate dish. The brains, the liver, the sweetbreads and even the tendons of veal are esteemed delicacies. The meat of the leg, which in full-grown beef is the comparatively tough round, is the fillet of veal—one of the daintiest parts. In the last score of years we have learned the value of sweetbreads in this country, and they are no longer thrown away, as they once were. But there are many other small pieces of veal which make very appetizing dishes (if properly prepared) at a very small price, and their merits are yet comparatively unknown to the average housekeeper. Of these, the breast of veal is perhaps the best known, yet it is very little used. Every part of it, except the fat and hard bones, may be made into appetizing food. For breakfast, the breast may be boned, trimmed free from fat and cut in small squares of about two inches. These squares should be simmered in stock slowly until they are so thoroughly tender that they may be easily pierced in all parts with a larding needle. They should then be pressed and should remain in press for eight or ten hours—so that it is necessary to make the stew the day before it is to be served. In the morning skim off any grease which may have arisen to the top of the stew. Take the pieces out of press and heat up the liquid in the saucepan. Thicken it with a teaspoonful each of flour and butter mixed, taste it to see that it is well seasoned, and let it simmer again for ten minutes. Replace the veal in it and let it warm up. When thoroughly heated, dish the pieces in a circle and pour the gravy over them. Six mushrooms added to the gravy when it is warmed up give a pleasant flavor. If you wish a very ornamental dish, place a mound of green peas, or a mound of well-browned potatoes, in the centre of the platter, and arrange the pieces of veal around it. These "tendons" are perfectly tender if properly stewed and pressed the day before. They are gelatinous and melting, full of succulence and flavor. They are very nice dipped in egg and fine bread-crumbs and fried and served with tomato sauce.

To Guard the Bank.—The Bank of France is guarded by soldiers, who sentry outside the bank, a close watch being likewise kept within its precincts. A former practice of protecting this bank was to get masons to wall up the doors of the vaults in the cellar with hydraulic mortar as soon as the money was deposited each day in these receptacles. The water was then turned on, and kept running until the cellar was flooded. A burglar would thus be obliged to work in a diving-suit and break down a cement wall before he could even begin to plunder the vaults. When the bank officers arrived each morning the water was drawn off, the masonry torn down, and the vaults opened. The Bank of Germany, like most other German public buildings, has a military guard to protect it. In a very strongly fortified fortress at Spandau is kept the great war treasure of the Imperial Government, part of the French indemnity, amounting to several million dollars.

Taken at His Word.—Cromwell was thinking of marrying his daughter to a wealthy Gloucestershire gentle, when he was led to believe that one of his own chaplains, Mr. Jeremy White, a young man of pleasing manners, was secretly paying his addresses to the Lady Frances, who was far from discouraging his attentions.

Entering his daughter's room one day, the Protector caught White on his knees, kissing the lady's hand.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded.

"May it please your highness," replied White, with great presence of mind, pointing to one of the lady's maid who happened to be in the room, "I have long courted that young gentlewoman, and cannot prevail; I was therefore praying her ladyship to intercede for me."

"Why do you refuse the honor Mr. White would do you?" said Cromwell to the young woman. "He is my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such."

"If Mr. White intends me that honor," answered the woman, with a very low curtesy, "I shall not be against him."

"Sayest thou so, my lass?" said Cromwell. "Call Goodwin—this business shall be done before I go out of the room."

Goodwin, the chaplain, arrived, and White was married to the young woman on the spot.

MECHANICAL FREAKS.

Mary of Scotland had some rare watches. In those days there was great variety in the shape of the watch. A favorite shape was that of a skull; another was that of a coffin. Descriptions exist of several of Mary watches. There was one coffin shaped in a crystal case. There was another in which catgut supplied the place of the interior chain in the modern watch.

One very marvellous piece of workmanship in the form of a skull is the property of the Dick Lauder family. It was originally the property of Mary Queen of Scots, and was bequeathed to Mary Setoun, her maid of honor, Feb. 7, 1587.

On the forehead of the skull are the symbols of death—the scythe and the hour glass. At the back of the skull is Time, and at the top of the head are the garden of Eden and the crucifixion. The watch is opened by reversing the skull. Inside are the Holy Family, angels and shepherds with their flocks. The works form the brains. The dial is the palate.

Another skull-shaped watch which belonged to Mary was a gift from her husband, Francis II.

Arnold of the Strand presented George III. in 1764 a watch of his own manufacture set in a ring. Later, in 1770, he presented the king with a small repeating watch, also set in a ring, the cylinder of which was made of an oriental ruby.

The Czar of Russia when he heard of these mites of watches, offered Arnold 1,000 guineas if he would make one for him, but the artist would not consent.

There is a cherry stone at the Salem, Mass., museum which contains a dozen silver spoons. The stone itself is of the ordinary size, but the spoons are so small that their shape and finish can only be distinguished by the microscope.

Dr. Oliver gives an account of a cherry stone on which were carved 124 heads so distinctly that the naked eye could distinguish those belonging to popes and kings by their mitres and crowns.

It was bought in Prussia for $10,000, and thence conveyed to England, where it was considered an object of so much value that its possession was disputed, and it became the object of a suit in chancery.

One of the Nuremberg toymakers enclosed in a cherry stone, which was exhibited at the French Crystal Palac, a plan of Sevastopol, a railway station and the "Messiah" of Klopstock.

In more remote times an account is given of an ivory chariot constructed by Mermecides, which was so small that a fly could cover it with its wing; also a ship of the same material which could be hidden under the wing of a bee.

Pliny, too, tells that Homer's "Iliad," with its 15,000 verses was written in so small a space as to be contained in a nutshell; while Elian mentions an artist who wrote a distich in letters of gold, which he enclosed in the rind of a kernel of corn.

But the Harleian MS. mentions a greater curiosity than any of the above, it being the Bible, written by one Peter Bales, a chancery clerk, in so small a book that it could be enclosed in the shell of an English walnut.

Disraeli gives an account of many other exploits similar to the one of Bales.

There is a drawing of the head of Charles II. in the library of St. John's College, Oxford, wholly composed of minute written characters, which at a small distance resemble the lines of an engraving. The head and ruff are said to contain the book of Psalms in Greek and the Lord's Prayer.

In the British museum is a portrait of Queen Anne, not much larger than the hand. On this drawing are a number of lines and scratches, which, it is asserted, comprise the entire contents of a thin folio.

In all departments of mechanical science there has been advancement. Mechanical improvement has come to the aid of the philosopher, and the necessities of the philosopher have stimulated mechanical genius.

Medical science in all its branches has gained by improved instruments, and the improvement of the instruments is in many cases directly due to the requirement or demands of the science.

People do not discover it until too late, that the so called washing powders not only eat up their clothes, but ruin their skin, and cause rheumatism. Use nothing but Dobbins' Electric Soap. Have your grocer keep it.

In the Nick of Time.

BY H. J.

"GOOD night, friend," said a man in a long cloak, with a broad-brimmed hat shading his features, as he walked through the streets of Alexandria, that home of the Pharaohs. "Captain Forbes, or more properly speaking, Pasha Forbes, I believe."

"Yes; but you have the advantage of me, friend," was the reply, spoken in that gruff hearty way so peculiar to sailors. "To whom have I the pleasure of speaking?"

"To the Under-Secretary of the Egyptian Admiralty. I was told I should find you here. But let us draw aside. I have an important letter to deliver to you, with instructions," was the pleasant-spoken reply. "You smoke, I presume?"

"Yes; thanks," said Forbes, helping himself to a choice cigar from the proffered case. "Shall we enter a cafe; we can talk and smoke over our coffee?"

The pair entered a French restaurant, when Forbes, who was quick at reading character, saw from his companion's face, a handsome one of the true Greek type, that his mission was one that deeply moved him.

Both sat on in silence over their coffee, neither caring to speak, as they looked at the Oriental scene before them.

It was the occasion of a fair called Abul-Abbas, which derived the name from the tomb of a great saint.

Forbes and his companion were seated on a terrace overhanging the sea, which, as usual, was restless, and lolled in with an incessant murmur, splashing against the feet of the houses that lined the shore.

The moon was just at this time hanging over the hill of Kom-el-Dyk on the opposite side of the new harbor, so that it revealed the rushing waters, and allowed the gaze to extend far out across the sea on the one hand, and to trace the black outlines of the houses and forts and batteries on the other.

Above was a placid sky crusted with stars that vied in brilliance with the moon herself, which shone over a landscape that even a Claude would not have disdained to paint.

"Here is the letter," said the Secretary, handing him a square missive with the Egyptian official seal stamped on black wax.

Almost mechanically Forbes was about to break the seal, when his companion arrested him by saying:

"No, not now; the letter must be opened at the time and place named in these instructions," handing him another letter without a seal.

The Captain ran his eyes down the missive, and at once saw that some mystery was attached to it.

"Humph! I am to sail to-morrow morning," he said; "is anything in the wind?—of course, I don't want you to betray confidence; but the affair is altogether unexpected."

"Exactly—just so," said the Secretary, drawing closer to him; "you will have two passengers; a Mr. Valescoe and his wife—a charming woman."

"I am fortunate; but there, I suppose I must keep my curiosity in check until the proper moment arrives," said Forbes, who was too much the disciplinarian himself, when duty was concerned, to attempt to draw the other out.

"Valescoe has incurred the displeasure of the Government. I am putting myself in your power by saying so much. May I rely upon your forbearance, Captain Forbes?"

"Yes. I am very susceptible where women are concerned. May I tell you why?"

"If you please, Captain."

"Many years ago, when I first entered the Egyptian service, I had a wife and child—a lovely girl who was the very sun of my existence."

Hereupon the speaker's voice became husky, and he turned his head aside to furtively wipe away a tear.

"They are still living, I trust," said the Secretary in a sympathetic voice.

"Alas, I cannot tell; in crossing the desert we were attacked by Bedouins. I defended my wife and child to the death, but I was struck down. When I recovered consciousness I was alone. From that day to this I have never heard tidings of my lost ones; duty has supplied their place hitherto, but in the silent watches of the night I often lie awake and wonder if they and I will meet again this side of the grave."

"Pray Heaven you may, my dear Captain. When the proper time arrives, I think I may rely upon your humanity; and excuse my saying more."

Wringing the Captain's hand, the Secretary left hurriedly, evidently too overcome to say more.

"What a strange affair," thought Forbes. "Evidently the sealed letter is connected with Valescoe. I may be able to render him a service; but honor and duty forbid that I should favor him, a stranger, against my instructions."

He sat on, listening to the rude music of the waiters, which, to him, had a sweetness all their own, for since his childhood he had never been absent long from their subtle influence.

Arabs and Egyptians came and went, but Forbes paid no attention to them; he was thinking of his lost wife and child, and wondering why Heaven had treated him so cruelly in wresting them from him, and leaving him to mourn their loss in utter desolation of heart.

He was aroused from his reveries by one of the waiters saying harshly, "Now then, out you go; we don't want beggars here."

"I can pay you, your highness," said an aged Egyptian, humbly. "Do let me rest; I am very tired. Tell me, do you know Pasha Forbes; I want to find him; he's my friend."

"What, Abdullah!" exclaimed Forbes, starting up and seizing the beard of the speaker. "Why, you must have risen from the dead."

The waiter waited to hear no more, now that a great pasha had recognized the poor Egyptian as his friend. Like others of his class he was impressed by externals, and measured a man by surrounding circumstances.

"My dear master," cried the poor fellow, sliding down to his knees and embracing Forbes' feet. "Oh! the joy of this meeting. Allah has allowed me to live to see your dear face once more."

Raising him up, Forbes placed him in a chair, and ringing for the waiter, ordered him to bring a plentiful repast, saying to Abdullah—

"Eat and drink first, then tell me what my heart yearns to know."

"How can I tell my lord of the past?" said the poor fellow, whose looks and general appearance were enough to touch the stoniest of hearts.

"My wife—what of her?" asked Forbes, huskily.

Abdullah turned his face away to hide the tears that rolled down his furrowed cheeks.

"Enough. I am answered; but the child!"

"She escaped, my lord."

"Thank Heaven! We may yet meet," said Forbes, fervently. "Abdullah, we must not part again; to make you happy and comfortable will be the sole aim of my life."

They sat and chatted on, and when closing time came, Forbes took his faithful servant with him to his ship—an Egyptian ironclad—named the Khedive.

Next morning Valescoe and his wife came aboard, under the escort of a file of marines, commanded by a sergeant.

"Will you give me your parole not to attempt to escape, Mr. Valescoe?" asked Captain Forbes.

"Yes, sir," was the quiet reply.

"Good; you are free from this moment to go anywhere over the ship; but it would look better if you keep to your cabin until we clear the harbor. My state cabin is at your disposal."

Mrs. Valescoe put out her delicate white hand, saying, in a soft, musical voice, "Please accept my best thanks for your kindness to my husband. Poor Charles has been badly treated; you are the first person that has said a kind word to him for months."

Valescoe and his wife disappeared down the companion ladder, leaving Forbes deep in thought as to what his prisoner's crime could be, and why he had been sent on board the Khedive, in conjunction with that mysterious sealed letter and equally perplexing instructions.

However, he had too much on his hands just at the moment to bestow more than a passing thought on the subject.

The huge ironclad left its moorings in the charge of a native pilot, and steamed seawards past a shore dotted with forts to the west, and lined at the eastern end by an almost uninterrupted succession of white public buildings, including the pasha's palace, massed by a forest of masts, both of merchant vessels and men-of-war, abreast of it being the docks and arsenal.

An Eastern sun shone on mosques and minarets, and made golden the spiky leaves of the date palm, while scores of native boats skimmed over the sun-kissed waters like swallows in search of prey.

Captain Forbes stood on the deck of his good ship drinking in the scene with a keen relish, although it was as familiar to him as was his own identity; whilst there came over him one of those strange presentiments, that come and go like the idle wind, that he was looking on the shores of the Pharaohs for the last time.

Once out at sea, he had time to make the acquaintance of the Valescoes, to whom he seemed strangely drawn: so much so, in fact, that he was never so happy as when enjoying their society.

Mrs. Valescoe was a charming lady, gentle and winning, but with the fire of genius and courage in her black eyes that swam in liquid light.

One day, Abdullah, who had been utterly prostrated by sea sickness, crept on deck to get a breath of sea air, and to look upon the bright sun, so dear to his heart as a denizen of a torrid clime.

"Well, old friend," said Forbes, smiling at the old man, "I see you have found your way on deck at last. You must look sharp and get your sea legs now."

"The sight of my lord looking well and happy is better to me than food, drink, light, or air," said the grateful Egyptian, his wan face irradiated with pleasure.

Mrs. Valescoe was seated near her husband trying to rouse him from the despair that had seized upon him, when, starting up, she advanced with outstretched hands, saying in Arabic—

"Dear Abdullah, have you dropped from the clouds?"

Oh! the joy that followed. Captain Forbes found in the wife of his prisoner his long lost child.

But the bitter grief that followed nearly drove him mad.

His instructions told him to open the letter when a certain latitude and longitude had been reached.

The very day on which he found his long-lost daughter he opened the sealed letter.

"Great Heavens! what do I see? Valescoe is to be executed at this spot, and I, unhappy man! am to order his execution."

His mind was quickly made up. That night, when darkness came like a funeral pall over the blue sea and shut out the light, Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. Valescoe, and Abdullah lowered themselves into a boat and made good their escape.

In England, that land of freedom, Captain Forbes is now enjoying the society of his lovely daughter and her husband who, but for a timely discovery, would have let a blood-red streak on the waters of the blue Mediterranean.

SHARP GIRL: "Oh, Ella," said Clara, "I think Lilly and her beau have quarreled." "Why," replied Ella, "what makes you think so?" "Well, her parlor has been brilliantly lit every evening lately."

PRIZES ON PATENTS

How to get $100 and Perhaps Make a Fortune.

We secure patents and to induce people to keep track of their bright ideas we offer a prize of one hundred dollars to be paid on the first of every month to the person who submits to us the most meritorious invention during the preceding month. We will also advertise the invention free of charge in the National Recorder, a weekly newspaper, published in Washington, D. C., which has an extensive circulation throughout the United States and is devoted to the interests of inventors.

NOT SO HARD AS IT SEEMS

The idea of being able to invent something strikes most people as being very difficult; this delusion the Company wishes to dispel. It is the simple things and small inventions that make the greatest amount of money, and the complex ones are seldom profitable. Almost everybody, at some time or another, conceives an idea, which, if patented, would probably be worth to him a fortune. Unfortunately such ideas are usually dismissed without thought. The simple inventions like the car window which could be easily slid up and down without breaking the passenger's back, the sauce pan, the collar button, the nut lock, the bottle stopper, the snow shovel, are things that almost everyone sees some way of improving upon, and it is these kind of inventions that bring the greatest returns to the author.

The prize we offer will be paid at the end of each month, whether the application has been acted upon by the Patent Office or not. Every competitor must apply for a patent on his invention through us, and whether he secures the prize or not, the inventor will have a valuable patent.

THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, Gen'l Manager,
618 F St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

P. S. The responsibility of this company may be judged from the fact that its stock is held by almost seventeen hundred of the leading newspapers of the United States.

BOOKKEEPING SIMPLIFIED. (WAGGENER'S) Mailed on receipt of price, $1.00. Send for Circular. C. H. DEACON, Publisher, 227 S. Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHART FREE Astrology, clairvoyance. Send age, color of eyes and hair, to find will-ing. Address Geo. WELLES, Box 256, Newark, N. J.

• FAT PEOPLE •
Park Obesity Pills reduce your weight 15 lbs a month. NO STARVING wrinkles or injury. NO EXPERIMENT positive relief. Price $2.00 by mail prepaid, particulars [sealed] 2c. PARK REMEDY CO., Boston, Mass.

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Pub. Chicago, Ill.

JOSIAH.

Thousands Sold at $2.50.

NOW OFFERED FREE.

There has been but one book written since MARK TWAIN'S palmy days that has possessed his power to charm by wit and fascinate by fidelity to nature.

SAMANTHA

THAT LITERARY SENSATION IS

SAMANTHA at SARATOGA.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE
(MARIETTA HOLLEY.)

The book was written under the inspiration of a summer season 'mid the world of fashion at Saratoga, the proudest pleasure resort of America, where Princes of the old world, with Congressmen, Presidents, Millionaires, Railroad Kings, and Princes of Commerce of our own great nation with their wives, their beautiful daughters, and all the gayest butterflies of fashion luxuriate in balmy breezes, display their personal charms, costly jewels, exquisite equipages, and revel in

ALL THE EXTREMES OF FASHIONABLE DISSIPATION.

"JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE" in a vein of strong common sense that is pure and innocent as the prattle of a child, keeps the reader constantly enjoying

An Ever Fresh Feast of Fun.

It takes in follies, flirtations, low necks, decolette, dudes, pug dogs, toboganning, etc., in the author's most severe but provoking style.

The 100 Illustrations by Opper are Just Killing.

NEARLY 100,000 SOLD AT $2.50 EACH.

We will send this $2.50 Elegant Cloth Bound richly Illustrated Humorous Book as a premium for two yearly subscriptions to THE POST at $2.00 each. The Book alone will be sent, postage paid, for $1.25.

Address all orders to—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Humorous.

QUESTIONS.

Do ships have eyes when they go to sea?
Are there springs in the ocean's bed?
Does a "jolly tar" ooze from a tree?
Can a river lose its head?

What kind of root is a watchman's beat?
Can an old hen sing its lay?
Can a poem trip without its feet?
What notes does the gambler play?

Will a blacksmith's vice condemn his soul?
Can a book be white and read?
To whom does the church bell pay its toll?
Who shingles a water-shed?

If a minstrel boy can sing his lay,
Can a ship sing her "lay to?"
Do tigers ask for grace when they prey?
Can a bugle note come due?

Is "Father Time" a noted thief
For stealing the hours away?
Can you give a window pane relief?
Can you mend the break of day?

Is a purchase made when shoes are soled?
Can an axe the rainbow hue?
If I keep on twisting the tale I've told,
Pray what will your readers do?

—U. N. Nose.

Sharp practice—The surgeon's.

A private tutor—An amateur flutist.

If you want to be well informed, take a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you some good points.

Jones: "How's Wheeler getting along since he bought a bicycle?" Brown: "On crutches, I believe."

When a man has both hands amputated, it is quite natural that he should never feel very well again.

There is usually considerable coolness between the driver of an ice wagon and the man who rides on the rear step.

Uncle John: "You boys fight a great deal, don't you?" The twins: "Yes, sir." "Who whips generally?" "Ma does."

Jack, insinuatingly: "How would you like to lend a fellow $10?" Tom: "I'd be only too glad, but I haven't a friend in the world."

Muggings: 'Old Soak doesn't care for women, does he?" Ruggins: "Only when they have cork screw curls and gurgle in the neck."

He: "Oh, you may talk, but you would have been mad enough had I married anybody else." She: "Yes, anybody I cared anything about."

"How habits cling to a man," said Mr. Sniff. "I hired an old ex barber to trim my lawn the other day, and he asked me if I would have it shampooed also."

Customer, to Mr. Isaacstein: "The coat is about three sizes too big." Mr. Isaacstein, impressively: "Mine frent, dat coat make you so proud you vill grow into it."

She: "And now, my dear, having given you a bit of my mind, I'm off to the dentist to have my tooth filled." He: "Ask him to fill the rest of your mouth while he's about it."

A Connecticut man has just invented a pair of braces that contract on your approach to water, and the moment you come to a puddle, lift you over, and drop you on the opposite side.

New York girl: "Lord Dumley, did you ever hear the joke about the museum keeper who had two skulls of St. Paul; one when he was a boy and the other when he was a man?" Englishman: "No; what is it?"

"He called me a gibbering idiot," shouted the violent man. "Now, I ask you candidly, what do you think of that?" "I should first wish to know just what he meant by gibbering," rejoined the cautious party.

Pickpocket: "I would like to have me trial put off till I kin git a lawyer." Judge: "Why, you were caught red-handed. What could your lawyer possibly say?" Pickpocket: "Dat's what I'm curious to know."

Temperance orator: "Oh, my friends, whisky is the curse of mankind! You must all try to put it down. There must be no half measures, if you don't want whisky to get the best of you, you must get the best of whisky!"

"Do you allow drunken men on the train?" asked a clergyman at the City Hall Elevated station. "Sometimes," replied the gateman, "when they are not too drunk. Just take one of the cross seats in the middle of the car, and you'll be all right."

"Can you tell me what is good for a cold?" asked the individual with a frog in his throat. "I have tried many things," replied the trifler, "but I don't know as there is anything more sure than sitting with wet feet with the temperature in the neighborhood of zero."

"I have told you it is wrong to quarrel, Johnny," said his mother, wiping the dirt and tears from his face; "you should have remembered that a soft answer turns away wrath." "I did, mamma," said Johnny, examining with critical eye a scratch on his fist, "and it didn't do no good. When he called me a mammy's darlin' I didn't say anything. All I done was to punch 'im in the face kind o' easy, like with a ball o' mud. He got mad at that, an' of course I had to let 'im have it."

UTILIZING THE PIG.—They tell this story of the captain of an American coasting-schooner, which was becalmed in a fog off Cape Cod. It was a genuine fog, of the same variety that the man inadvertently nailed an extra slate on to while repairing his roof. You couldn't see the end of the bowsprit from the foremast, and a man up aloft might have been ten miles from earth, for all that he could see. Not a breath of wind was stirring, and the sails only flapped lazily as the vessel rolled on the swell.

The skipper was anxious, for he was right in the track of the steamers, and one in particular, of which his brother was captain, was just about due. He commanded the look-out to keep the tin horn sounding vigorously. Alas! the man carelessly laid the horn down on the rail for a moment, and it rolled overboard.

The delinquent was treated to a liberal dose of profanity, but of what use was that? Presently the whistle of a steamer, and the noise of the paddles as they tore up the water, was heard through the fog. She was evidently bearing right down upon them. Skipper and crew shouted till their lungs were sore, and beat on pans from the galley, but to no purpose. Every instant they expected to be sunk by the on-rushing steamer.

Suddenly the skipper's eye fell upon a lusty young pig, who was being transported in a temporary pen.

In a trice that porker was out; a powerful sailor gripped his tail with a pair of pincers and gave a twist with the energy born of despair.

ELECTROPLATING A SHIP.—To electroplate an Atlantic liner sounds rather a large order; but, according to one of the cleverest inventors of the day, it is not only possible, but it can be done without much difficulty. He covers the entire hull of the vessel with a continuous film of copper one-twentieth of an inch thick. So coated the ship no longer requires to undergo the very expensive process of docking and cleaning periodically.

The electroplating is effected by means of a number of box baths constructed to conform closely to the curvature of the ship's bottom, so that the film may be applied while the vessel in afloat. A solution of cyanide of potassium is placed in the baths, and, after the sid s of the ship have been scraped and cleaned, the box-baths are fixed to the vessel's side and firmly braced there.

When the solution has been used for a few hours it is carefully drawn off, and a strong solution of copper then replaces it.

"ONE, TWO."—A Colonel in the French army, who had a great eye for neatness, but not much of an ear for music, took occasion one day to compliment his bandmaster on the appearance of his men.

"Their uniforms are neat," said the colonel, "and their instruments are nicely polished and kept in order, but there is one improvement I must insist upon."

"What is it, colonel?"

"You must train your men, when they perform, to lift their fingers all at exactly the same time and at regular intervals on their instruments, so—one, two! one, two!"

THE easiest way for a man to pack a trunk is to get his wife to do it.

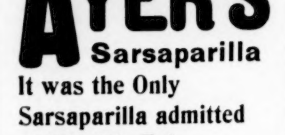
Purify
And Enrich
Your Blood
By Taking

AYER'S
Sarsaparilla

It was the Only
Sarsaparilla admitted
At World's Fair.

AYER'S PILLS for the Liver.

DOLLARD & CO.,



1223
CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia,
Premier Artistes
IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS.
INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinders.

On and after November 18, 1894.

Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express (Parlor and Dining Car), daily, 9.00 a m, via L. V. R. R.
Buffalo and Chicago Express (Through Sleeping Cars), daily, 6.45 p m, 9.45 p m, via L. V. R. R.
Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.
Lock Haven, Clearfield and Du Bois Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.35, 9.50, 11.15 a m, (12.27, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining Car), 1.30, 3.50, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.25, (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.50 a m, 12.35, 3.50 p m, (4.12 from 24th and Chestnut,) 8 25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 4.30, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 5.00, 6.30 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 4.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.56, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 5.45, 8.45 p m. (9.45 p m, daily does not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, 11.08 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.42 a m, 5.30, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6 02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves; Week-days—Express, 8.00 a m., 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m. 4.30 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days. 8.00 a m. 5.00 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 20 S. Tenth street, 609 S. Third street, 3902 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, C. G. HANCOCK,
General Superintendent. General Passenger Agent.

IF YOU WANT INFORMATION ABOUT

PENSIONS

Address a letter or postal card to
THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney,
P.O. Box 468, WASHINGTON, D.C.

PENSIONS PROCURED FOR
SOLDIERS, WIDOWS,
CHILDREN, PARENTS.

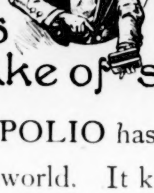
Also, for Soldiers and Sailors disabled in the line of duty in the regular Army or Navy since the war. Survivors of the Indian wars of 1832 to 1842, and their widows, now entitled. Old rejected claims a specialty. Thousands entitled to higher rates. Send for new laws. No charge for advice. No fee until successful.

MAGIC LANTERNS
AND VIEWS.
For Public Lectures, School, Church or Home.
WORLD'S FAIR
and other interesting subjects. Send 3c. stamp for Catalogue.
J. W. MARCY SCIOPTICON CO.,
1008 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa

WORK FOR ALL. $75 a month salary and expenses paid. If you want employment write at once to P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

"It may be true what some men say.
It maun be true what a' men say."

PUBLIC OPINION



endorses Sapolio.—
It is a solid cake of scouring soap.

© COPYRIGHT

For many years SAPOLIO has stood as the finest and best article of this kind in the world. It knows no equal, and, although it costs a trifle more, its durability makes it outlast two cakes of cheap makes. It is therefore the cheapest in the end. Any grocer will supply it at a reasonable price.